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ELEGANT EXTRACTS
FROM THE
MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS;
BOOK THE NINTH
BALLADS, SONGS, &c.



Drawn by R. Westall, P.A.

For know thou art imperial Richards Son.

Page 72.

PUBLISHED
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NEW YORK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

A

COPIOUS SELECTION

OF

INSTRUCTIVE, MORAL, AND ENTERTAINING

PASSAGES,

FROM THE MOST

EMINENT POETS.

VOLUME V.

BALLADS, SONGS, AND SONNETS, AND SATIRICAL
AND HUMOROUS PIECES.

BOOK IX. X.

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CONTENTS.

BOOK IX.

BALLADS, SONGS, AND SONNETS.

	Page
KING Lear and his three Daughters	<i>Anonymous.</i> 1
The Children in the Wood	<i>Anonymous.</i> 7
Chevy Chase	<i>Richard Sheale.</i> 12
Richard Plantagenet	<i>Hull.</i> 21
Prince Edward and Adam Gordon	<i>Anonymous.</i> 37
Hume and Murray	<i>Anonymous.</i> 43
Death's Final Conquest	<i>James Shirley.</i> 49
A War Song. From the Spanish	<i>Percy.</i> 50
Alcanzor and Zaida, a Moorish Tale	<i>Percy.</i> 52
The Spanish Virgin, or Effects of Jealousy	<i>Anonymous.</i> 56
The Spanish Lady's Love	<i>Anonymous.</i> 61
The Bridal Bed	<i>Anonymous.</i> 63
Barbara Allen's Cruelty	<i>Anonymous.</i> 69
Julia	<i>Anonymous.</i> 72
Winifred; or an Address to conjugal Love	<i>Anonymous.</i> 74
The Friar of Orders Gray	<i>Percy.</i> 75
Dialogue between a Pilgrim and Traveller	<i>Anonymous.</i> 79
Edwin and Angelina	<i>Goldsmith.</i> 80
Edwin and Emma	<i>Mallet.</i> 86
William and Margaret	<i>Mallet.</i> 90
Lucy and Collin	<i>Tickell.</i> 92
Matilda	<i>Jerningham.</i> 94
Bryan and Pereene, a West-India Ballad.	<i>Grainger.</i> 97
Loyalty confined	<i>Sir R. L'Estrange.</i> 99
The Soldier going to the Field	<i>Davenant.</i> 102
A Damsel deploring her Lover.	<i>Gay.</i> 103
Black-eyed Susan	<i>Gay.</i> 104
O Nancy wilt thou go with me	<i>Percy.</i> 106
May-Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen	<i>Cunningham.</i> 107
The Mad Maid's Song	<i>Kerrick.</i> 108
The Maid in Bedlam	<i>Anonymous.</i> 109
Collin to the Willow	<i>Rowe.</i> 110
Sally in our Alley	<i>Henry Carey.</i> 111

CONTENTS.

	Page
Memory	<i>Goldsmith.</i> 113
Hope	<i>Goldsmith</i> ib.
When lovely Woman stoops to Folly	<i>Goldsmith.</i> 114
The Rose	<i>Cowper.</i> ib.
The Braes of Yarrow	<i>Logan.</i> 115
Plato's Advice	<i>Anonymous.</i> 116
I envy not the Proud their Wealth	<i>Pilkington.</i> 117
Dear is my little native Vale	<i>Anonymous.</i> 118
The Storm	<i>G. A. Stevens.</i> 119
The soft-flowing Avon	<i>Garrick.</i> 121
Shakspeare's Mulberry	<i>Garrick.</i> 122
Hunting Song	<i>Anonymous.</i> 124
The Soldier's Return	<i>Burns</i> 125
Logan Braes	<i>Burns.</i> 127
A Mother's Lament for the Death of her Son	<i>Burns.</i> 129
Robert Bruce's Address to his Army	<i>Burns.</i> ib.
Strathallan's Lament	<i>Burns.</i> 130
Sonnet on hearing a Thrush sing	<i>Burns.</i> 131
The Shepherd's Resolution	<i>Wither.</i> 132
Lesbia on her Sparrow	<i>Cartwright.</i> 133
Sonnet, sung before Queen Elizabeth	<i>Earl of Essex.</i> 134
Sonnet	<i>Drummond</i> 135
Sonnet	<i>Drummond.</i> 136
Sonnet	<i>Drummond.</i> ib.
Sonnet	<i>Drummond.</i> 137
Sonnet to Twilight	<i>Miss Williams.</i> ib.
Sonnet to Hope	<i>Miss Williams.</i> 138
Sonnet to the Moon	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> ib.
Sonnet on the Departure of the Nightingale.	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> 139
Sonnet, written at the Close of Spring	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> 140
Sonnet, Should the lone Wanderer	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> ib.
Sonnet to Night	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> 141
Sonnet to Tranquillity	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> ib.
Sonnet, written in the Church-yard at Middleton	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> 142
Sonnet, written at Penhurst	<i>Charlotte Smith.</i> ib.
Sonnet	<i>Bowles.</i> 143
Sonnet	<i>Bowles.</i> 144

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

FROM THE
MOST EMINENT POETS.

BOOK IX.

BALLADS, SONGS, AND SONNETS.

KING LEAR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

KING Lear once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace ;
And had all things with heart's content
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could show the dearest love :

‘ For to my age you bring content,’
Quoth he, ‘ then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.’

To whom the eldest thus began ;
‘ Dear father, mind,’ quoth she,
‘ Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render’d be :
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.’

‘ And so will I,’ the second said ;
‘ Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I’ll gently undertake :
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love ;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.’

‘ In doing so, you glad my soul,’
The aged king reply’d ;
‘ But what say’st thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally’d ?’
‘ My love,’ quoth young Cordelia then,
‘ Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child, -
And that is all I’ll show.’

‘ And wilt thou show no more,’ quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind ?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find.

Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine ;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

‘ Thy elder sisters’ loves are more
Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdom and my land,
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain’d
Until my dying day.’

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here ;
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear :
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wand’ring up and down,
Unhelp’d, unpity’d, gentle maid,
Through many an English town :

Until at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found ;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem’d
The fairest on the ground :
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father [poor] king Lear, this while
With his two daughters staid :
Forgetful of their promis’d loves,
Full soon the same decay’d ;

And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee :
She gave allowance but to ten ;
And after scarce to three :
Nay, one she thought too much for him ;
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

' Am I rewarded thus,' quoth he,
' In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave ?
I'll go unto my Gonorell :
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pityful,
And will relieve my wo.'

Full fast he hies then to her court ;
Where when she heard his moan
Return'd him answer, that she griev'd
That all his means were gone :
But no way could relieve his wants ;
Yet that if he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made his answer then ;
' In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.

‘I will return again,’ quoth he,
‘Unto my Ragan’s court;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort.’

Where when she came, she gave command
To drive him thence away :
When he was well within her court,
She said, he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell,
The woful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there-of that he was deny’d,
Which she had promis’d late :
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.
Thus ’twixt his daughters, for relief
He wand’red up and down ;
Being glad to feed on beggars’ food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughter’s words,
That said the duty of a child
Was all that love affords :
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish’d so,
Grew frantic mad ; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of wo :

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread.

To hills and woods, and wat'ry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,
He passed o'er to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find some gentler chance ;
Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief :

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus' court ;
Whose royal king, with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
To repossess king Lear,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear.

Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battle slain :
Yet he good king, in his old days,
Possess'd his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battle move ;

He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted :
But on her bosom left his life,
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomed by consents ;
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin :
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin. *Anonymous.*

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have ;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind :
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind :

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old :
The other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year ;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controll'd.
But if the children chanc'd to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;
For so the will did run.

‘ Now brother,’ said the dying man,
‘ Look to my children dear ;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here :
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day ;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.

‘ You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one ;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone.’
With that bespake their mother dear :
‘ O brother kind,’ quoth she,
‘ You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

‘ And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward ;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard.’
With lips as cold as any stone
She kiss’d her children small :
‘ God bless you both, my children dear !’
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there :
‘ The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear ;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave !’

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain’d with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide ;
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had,
Made murd'ers' hearts relent ;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife ;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life.
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood ;
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye ;
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry :
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain :
' Stay here,' quoth he, ' I'll bring you bread,
When I do come again.'

These pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wand'ring up and down :
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmear'd and dy'd ;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief ;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell ;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt a hell.
His barns were fired, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him staid.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
Two of his sons did die ;
And to conclude, himself was brought
To extreme misery :
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out :

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
As was God's blessed will ;
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here express'd ;
Their uncle died, while he for debt
In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
And overscers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek :
Take you example by this thing,
And give to each his right ;
Lest God with such like misery,
Your wicked minds requite.

Anonymous.

CHEVY CHASE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all !
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way ;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.

The tidings to earl Douglas came
In Scotland, where he lay ;

Who sent earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.

The English earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might ;
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer ;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When daylight did appear ;

And, long before high noon, they had
A hundred fat bucks slain ;
Then, having din'd, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure,
Their back-sides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take ;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deer;
Quoth he, 'Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here :

'If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.'
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say :

'Lo ! yonder doth earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight ;

'All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed.'
'Then cease your sport,' earl Percy said,
'And take your bows with speed :

'And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come.
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.'

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold :

‘Show me,’ said he, ‘whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here ;
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer ?’

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy he :
Who said, ‘We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be :

‘Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.’
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

‘Ere thus I will outbraved be,
One of us two shall die :
I know thee well ; an earl thou art,
Lord Percy : so am I.

‘But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

‘Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.’
Accurs’d be he, lord Percy said,
‘By whom this is denied.’

Then stepp’d a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, ‘I would not have it told
To Henry our king, for shame,

‘That e’er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on :
You be two earls,’ said Witherington,
‘And I a squire alone :

‘I’ll do the best that do I may,
While I have strength to stand ;
While I have pow’r to wield my sword,
I’ll fight with heart and hand.’

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent ;
A captain, mov’d with mickle pride,
The spears to shivers sent.

They clos’d full fast on ev’ry side,
No slackness there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter’d here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might ;
Like lions mov’d, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought, until they both did sweat,
 With swords of temper'd steel ;
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trickling down did feel.

‘ Yield thee, lord Percy,’ Douglas said ;
 ‘ In faith I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be
 By James our Scottish king.

‘ Thy ransom I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee ;
 Thou art the most courageous knight
 That ever I did see.’

‘ No, Douglas,’ quoth earl Percy then,
 ‘ Thy proffer I do scorn ;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born.’

With that there came an arrow keen
 Out of an English bow,
 Which struck earl Douglas to the heart,
 A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spoke more words than these :
 ‘ Fight on, my merry men all ;
 For why ? my life is at an end :
 Lord Percy sees my fall.’

Then leaving life, earl Percy took
 The dead man by the hand :
 And said, ‘ Earl Douglas, for thy life
 Would I have lost my land !

‘ O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.’

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call’d ;
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight :

And pass’d the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear ;
And through earl Percy’s body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceiv’d
The noble earl was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he :

Against sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With the earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and sir John,
Sir James that bold baron ;

And with sir George, and good sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps ;
For, when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
Sir Charles Currèl, that from the field
One foot would never fly ;

Sir Charles Murrèl of Ratcliffe too,
His sister's son was he :
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the lord Maxwell, in like wise,
Did with earl Douglas die :
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-threc ;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood-tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail ;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away ;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

' O heavy news!' king James did say ;
' Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.'

Like tidings to king Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

‘ Now God be with him,’ said our king,
 ‘ Sith ’twill no better be ;
 I trust I have within my realm
 Five hundred good as he.

‘ Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
 But I will vengeance take ;
 And be revenged on them all
 For brave lord Percy’s sake.’

This vow full well the king perform’d,
 After, on Humbledown,
 In one day fifty knights were slain,
 With lords of great renown :

And of the rest, of small account,
 Did many hundreds die.
 Thus ended the hunting of Chevy Chase,
 Made by the earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land
 In plenty, joy, and peace ;
 And grant henceforth that foul debate
 ’Twixt noblemen may cease.

Richard Sheale.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

‘ THE work is done, the structure is complete.—
 Long may this produce of my humble toil
 Uninjur’d stand : and echo long repeat
 Round the dear walls, Benevolence and Moyle !*’

* Sir Thomas Moyle, possessor of Eastwell-place, in the county of Kent, in the year 1546, gave Richard Plantagenet, who for many years had been his chief bricklayer, a piece

So Richard spake, as he survey'd
The dwelling he had rais'd ;
And, in the fulness of his heart,
His generous patron prais'd.

Him Moyle o'erheard, whose wand'ring step
Chance guided had that way ;
The workman's mien he ey'd intent,
Then earnest thus did say :

' My mind, I see, misgave me not,
My doubtings now are clear,
Thou oughtest not, in poor attire,
Have dwelt a menial here.

' To drudgery and servile toil,
Thou could'st not be decreed
By birth and blood, but thereto wrought
By hard o'er-ruling need.

' Is it not so ? That crimson glow
That flushes o'er thy cheek,
And down-cast eye, true answer give,
And thy tongue need not speak.

' Oft have I mark'd thee, when unseen
Thou thought'st thyself by all,
What time the workman from his task
The evening bell did call ;

of ground, and permission to build himself a house thereon. The poem opens, just when Richard is supposed to have finished this task. Eastwell-place hath since been in the possession of the earls of Winchelsea.

‘ Hast thou not shunn’d thy untaught mates,
And to some seeret nook,
With drooping gait, and musing eye,
Thy lonely step betook ?

‘ There hath not thy attention dwelt
Upon the letter’d page,
Lost, as it seem’d to all beside,
Like some sequester’d sage ?

‘ And would’st thou not, with eager haste,
The precious volume hide,
If sudden some intruder’s eye
Thy musings had deseried ?

‘ Oft have I deem’d thou couldst explore
The Greek and Roman page,
And oft have yearn’d to view the theme,
That did thy hours engage.

But sorrow, greedy, grudging, coy,
Esteems of mighty price
Its treasur’d cares, and to the world
The scantiest share denies ;

‘ All as the miser’s heaped hoards,
To him alone confin’d,
They serve, at once, to soothe and pain
The wretched owner’s mind.

‘ Me had capricious fortune doom’d
Thine equal in degree,
Long ere now, I had desir’d
To know thine history ;

‘ But who their worldly honours were,
With meekness chaste and due,
Decline to ask, lest the request
Should bear commandment’s hue.

‘ Yet now thy tongue hath spoke aloud
Thy grateful piety,
No longer be thy story kept
In painful secrecy.

‘ Give me to know thy dawn of life;
Unfold, with simple truth,
Not to thy master, but thy friend,
The promise of thy youth.

‘ Now, late in life, ’tis time, I ween,
To give thy labours o’er;
Thy well-worn implements lay by,
And drudge and toil no more.

‘ Here shalt thou find a quiet rest
For all thy days to come,
And every comfort that may serve
T’ endear thy humble home.

‘ Hast thou a wish, a hope to frame,
Beyond this neat abode?
Is there a good, a higher bliss,
By me may be bestow’d?

‘ Is there within thy aged breast
The smallest aching void?
Give me to know thy longings all,
And see them all supply’d.

‘ All I entreat, in lieu, is this,
Unfold, with simple truth,
Not to thy master, but thy friend,
The promise of thy youth.’

So generous Moyle intent bespake
The long-enduring man,*
Who rais’d, at length, his drooping head,
And, sighing, thus began.

Richard Plantagenet reciteth his Tale.

HARD task to any, but thyself, to tell
The story of my birth and treacherous fate,
Or paint the tumults in my breast that swell,
At recollection of my infant state !

Oft have I labour’d to forget my birth,
And check’d remembrance, when, in cruel wise,
From time’s abyss she would the tale draw forth,
And place my former self before my eyes.

Yet I complain not, though I feel anew,
All as I speak, fell fortune’s bitter spite,
Who once set affluence, grandeur, in my view,
Then churlish snatch’d them from my cheated
sight.

And yet it may be—is—nay, it must be best,
Whate’er Heaven’s righteous laws for man ordain ;
Weak man ! who lets one sigh invade his breast,
For earthly grandeur, fugitive as vain !

* The time of Richard’s service, at Eastwell-place, was near sixty years.

Perehancee contentment had not been my mate,
If in exalted life my feet had trod,
Or my hands borne, in transitory state,
The victor's truncheon, or the ruler's rod.

My course, perchance, had been one dazzling glare
Of splendid pride, and I in vain had sought
The quiet comforts of this humble sphere,
Rest undisturb'd, and reason's tranquil thought.

But whither roam I? O! forgive, my kind,
My honour'd lord, this undesign'd delay,
Forgive, while in my new-awaken'd mind
A thousand vague ideas fondly play.

Enough!—they're flown—and now my tongue pre-
pares,
Thou source of every good by me possess'd!
To pour a tale into thy wondering ears, [breast.
Full threescore years close-lock'd within my

Oft those care-woven, long protracted years,
Some sixteen summers pass'd obscurely on,
A stranger to the world, its hopes, and fears,
My name, birth, fortunes, to myself unknown.

Plac'd in a rural, soft, serene retreat
With a deep-learn'd divine I held abode,
Who sought, by pious laws and conduct meet,
The way to immortality and God.

By him instructed, I attain'd the sweet,
The precious blessings, that from learning flow,
He fann'd in my young breast the genial heat,
That bids th' expanding mind with ardour glow.

He taught me with delighted eye to trace
The comely beauties of the Mantuan page,
Enraptur'd mix with Tully's polish'd grace,
Or catch the flame of Homer's martial rage.

Nor stopp'd he there, preceptor excellent !
Nor deem'd that wisdom lay in books alone,
But would explain what moral virtue meant,
And bid us make our neighbour's woes our own.

Heaven's genuine pity glistening in his eyes,
The sweets of charity he would instil,
And teach what blessedness of comfort lies
In universal mercy and good-will.

So taught this pious man, so thought, so did,
Squaring his actions to his tenets true ;
His counsel or relief to none denied,
A general good, like Heav'n's all-cheering dew !

Thus guided, thus inform'd, thus practice-drawn,
In guileless peace my spring of life was spent,
My leisure-hours I sported o'er the lawn,
Nor knew what restless care or sorrow meant.

A courteous stranger, ever and anon,
My kind instructor's due reward supplied :
But still my name, my birth, alike unknown,
Wrapp'd in the gloom of secrecy lay hid.

One autumn-morn (the time I well recal)
That stranger drew me from my soft retreat,
And led my footsteps to a lofty hall, [seat.
Where state and splendour seem'd to hold their

Through a long range of spacious gilded rooms
Dubious I pass'd, admiring as I went,
On the rich woven labours of the looms,
The sculptur'd arch, or painted roof intent.

My guide, at length, withdrew; wrapp'd in suspense
And fear I stood, yet knew not what I fear'd;
When straight to my appall'd, astounded sense,
A man of noble port and mien appear'd.

His form commanded, and his visage aw'd,
My spirit sunk as he advanced nigh,
With stately step along the floor he trod,
Fix'd on my face his penetrating eye.

The dancing plumage o'er his front wav'd high,
Thick-studded ribs of gold adorn'd his vest,
In splendid folds his purple robe did fly,
And royal emblems glitter'd on his breast.

I sought to bend me, but my limbs refus'd
Their wonted office, motionless and chill;
Yet somewhat, as the figure I perus'd,
A dubious joy did in my mind instil.

While thus I cower'd beneath his piercing eye,
He saw and strove to mitigate my fear,
Soft'ning the frown of harsh austerity
In his bold brow, which nature grafted there.

With speeches kind he cheer'd my sinking heart,
Question'd me much, and strok'd my drooping
Yet his whole mind he seem'd not to impart, [head;
His looks implied more than his speeches said.

A'broider'd purse, which weighty seem'd with gold,
He gave me then, and kindly press'd my hand ;
And thus awhile did stay me in his hold,
And on my face did meditating stand.

His soul work'd hugely, and his bosom swell'd,
As though some mighty thing he yearn'd to say ;
But (with indignant pride the thought repell'd)
He started, frown'd, and snatch'd himself away.

My guide return'd, and reconducted me
Tow'rd the abode of my preceptor kind ;
A man he seem'd of carriage mild and free,
To whom I thought I might unload my mind.

Without reserve I told him all that pass'd,
Striving, by mine, his confidence to gain ;
Then my inquiries frank before him cast,
Hoping some knowledge of myself t' attain.

I ask'd what wondrous cause, yet undescried,
Urg'd him his time and zeal for me t' employ,
And why that man of dignity and pride
Had deign'd his notice to a stranger-boy ?

Confus'd, yet undispleas'd my guide appear'd,
Nought he divulg'd (though much he seem'd to
know)

Save this, which he with earnest look averr'd,
'No obligation, youth, to me you owe ;

'I do but what my place and duty bid,
With me no kindred drops of blood you share,
Yet (hard to tell!) your birth must still be hid ;
Inquire no further—Honour bids, forbear.'

Thus he reprov'd, yet did it with a look,
As though he pitied my sensations keen ;
Patient I bow'd me to his mild rebuke,
And pledg'd obedience, with submissive mien.

He left me at my tutor's soft abode,
And parting bless'd me by the *holy cross* ;
My heart wax'd sad, as he retrac'd the road,
And seem'd to have sustain'd some mighty loss.

But soon tumultuous thoughts began give way,
Lull'd by the voice of my preceptor sage ;
Unquiet bosoms he could well allay,
His looks could soften, and his words assuage.

Unruly care from him was far remov'd,
Grief's wildest murmurs at his breath would cease ;
O ! in his blameless life how well he prov'd
The house of goodness is the house of peace !

Here I again enjoyed my sweet repose,
And taught my heart, with pious wisdom fill'd,
No more with anxious throb to seek disclose
What stubborn fate had doom'd to lie conceal'd.

But long these fond delusions did not last,
Some sterner pow'r my rising life controll'd,
My visionary hopes too swiftly pass'd,
And left my prospects dreary, dark, and cold.

When rugged March o'er-rules the growing year,
Have we not seen the morn with treacherous ray
Shine out awhile, then instant disappear,
And leave to damp and gloom the future day ?

So dawn'd my fate, and so deceiv'd my heart,
 Nor wean'd me from my hopes, but cruel tore ;
 In one unlook'd-for moment, bade me part
 From all my comforts, to return no more.

My guide once more arrived, though, as of late,
 Of soft deportment he appear'd not now,
 But wild impatience fluttered in his gait,
 And care and thought seem'd busy on his brow.

'Rise youth,' he said, 'and mount this rapid steed'—
 I argued not ; his bidding straight was done ;
 Proud-crested was the beast, of warlike breed,
 Arm'd, at all points, with rich caparison.

We commun'd not—such heat was in our speed,
 Scantly would it allow me pow'r of thought,
 Till eve, deep-painted with a burning red,
 To Bosworth Field our panting coursers brought.

Who hath not heard of Bosworth's fatal plain,
 Where base adventurers did in compact join
 'Gainst chiefs of prowess high, and noble strain,
 And lower'd the crest of York's imperial line ?

Now verging on that memorable ground,
 Our course we stay'd—yet we alighted not ;
 Fill'd with astonishment I gaz'd around,
 While in my glowing breast my heart grew hot

Thick-station'd tents, extended wide and far,
 To th' utmost stretch of sight could I behold,
 And banners fluttering in the whistling air,
 And archers trimly dight, and prancers bold.

The sinking sun with richly-burnish'd glow,
Now to his western chamber made retire,
While pointed spears, quick shifting to and fro,
Seem'd all as spiral flames of hottest fire.

Promiscuous voices fill'd the floating gale,
The welkin echoed with the steed's proud neigh :
The bands oft turn'd and eyed the western vale,
Watching the closure of departing day.

Light vanish'd now apace, and twilight gray
With speed unusual mantled all the ground,
The chieftains to their tents had ta'en their way,
And sentinels thick-posted watch'd around.

As sable night advanced more and more,
The mingled voices lessen'd by degrees,
Sounding at length, as, round some craggy shore,
Decreasing murmurs of the ebbing seas.

Now tow'rd the tents awhile we journey'd on
With wary pace, then lighted on the ground,
Befriended by the stars, that shimm'ring shone,
And fires, that cast a trembling gleam around.

With hasty foot we press'd the dewy sod,
Fit answer making to each station'd guard ;
When full before us, as we onward trod,
- A martial form our further progress barr'd.

He seem'd as though he there did list'ning stand,
His face deep-muffled in his folded cloak ;
Now threw it wide, snatch'd quick my dubious hand,
And to a neighbouring tent his speed betook.

With glowing crimson the pavillion shone,
 Reflected by the lofty taper's ray,
 The polish'd armour, bright and deft to don,
 Beside the royal couch in order lay.

The crown imperial glitter'd in mine eye,
 With various gems magnificently grac'd,
 Nigh which, as meant to guard its dignity,
 A weighty curtelax unsheath'd was plac'd.

The chief unbonnetted and drew me nigh,
 Wrapp'd in a deepen'd gloom his face appear'd,
 Like the dark low'rings of the cloudy sky,
 Ere the big-bursting tempest's voice is heard.

Revenge, impatience, all that mads the soul,
 All that despair and frenzy's flame inspires,
 Shown by the tapers, in his eyes did roll,
 Hot meteors they amid the lesser fires.

Through each dark line I could not truly scan ;
 Yet through the veil of his distemper'd mien
 Broke forth a likeness of that lofty man,
 Whom, whilom, at the palace I had seen.

To quell his feelings huge he sternly tried,
 Strong combat holding with his fighting soul,
 Cresting himself with more than earthly pride,
 As though from pow'r supreme he scorn'd control.

At length (in part subdu'd his troubled breast)
 On my impatient ear these accents broke,
 (I pale and trembling as th' attentive priest,
 Who waits th' inspirings of his mystic oak !)

‘ Wonder no more why thou art hither brought,
The secret of thy birth shall now be shown ;
With glorious ardour be thy bosom fraught,
For know thou art imperial Richard’s* Son.

‘ Thy father I, who fold thee in my arms,
Thou royal issue of Plantagenet !
Soon as my pow’r hath quell’d these loud alarms
Thou shalt be known, be honour’d, and be great.

‘ Rise from the ground, and dry thy flowing tears,
To nature’s dues be other hours assign’d !
Beset with foes, solicitude, and cares,
Far other thoughts must now possess the mind.

‘ To-morrow, boy, I combat for my crown,
To shield from soil my dignity and fame :
Presumptuous Richmond seeks to win renown,
And on my ruin raise his upstart name :

‘ He leads yon shallow rencgado band,
Strangers to war, and hazardous emprise,
And ’gainst the mighty chieftains of the land,
Vain and unskill’d, a desperate conflict tries.

‘ Yet since assurance is not giv’n to man,
Nor can ev’n kings command th’ event of war,
Since peevish chance can foil the subtlest plan
Of human skill, and hurl our schemes in air,

‘ To morrow’s sun beholds me conqueror,
Or sees me low among the slaughter’d lie ;
Richard shall never grace a victor’s car,
But glorious win the field, or glorious die.

* Richard the Third.

‘ But thou, my son, heed and obey my word ;
 Seek not to mingle in the wild affray :
 Far from the winged shaft and gleaming sword,
 Patient await the issue of the day.

‘ North of our camp there stands a rising mound,
 (Thy guide awaits to lead thee on the way,)
 Thence shalt thou rule the prospect wide around,
 And view each chance, each movement of the fray.

‘ If righteous fate to me the conquest yield,
 Then shall thy noble birth to all be known ;
 Then boldly seek the centre of the field,
 And midst my laurell’d bands my son I’ll own :

‘ But if blind chance, that seld’ determines right,
 Rob me at once of empire and renown,
 Be sure thy father’s eyes are clos’d in night,
 Life were disgrace when chance had reft my
 crown.

‘ No means are left then, but instant flight,
 In dark concealment must thou veil thy head ;
 On Richard’s friends their fellest rage and spite
 His foes will wreak, and fear ev’n Richard dead.

‘ Begone, my son ! this one embrace ! away !
 Some short reflections claims this awful night :
 Ere from the East peep forth the glimm’ring day
 My knights attend to arm me for the fight.’

Once more I knelt, he clasp’d my lifted hands,
 Bless’d me, and seem’d to check a struggling tear ;
 Then led me forth to follow his commands, [fear.
 O’erwhelm’d with tenderest grief, suspense, and

What need of more ? who knows not the event
Of that dread day, that desp'rate-foughten field,
Where, with his wond'rous deeds and prowess spent,
By numbers overpower'd, my sire was kill'd ?

A son no more, what course was left to tread,
To whom apply, or whither should I wend ?
Back to my tutor's roof, by instinct led,
My orphan footsteps did I pensive bend.

O'er-ruling fate against my wishes wrought ;
That pious man, snatch'd from this frail abode,
Had found the blessing he so long had sought,
The way to immortality and God.

With flowing eyes I left the sacred door,
And with relying heart to Heav'n did bend ;
To God my supplication did I pour,
To God, the mourner's best and surest friend :

That he would guide me to some safe retreat,
Where daily toil my daily bread might earn ;
Where pious peace might soothe ambition's heat,
And my taught heart sublimer ardour learn.

He heard me—All I ask'd, in thee was lent,
Thou lib'ral proxy of my gracious God !
Thou paid'st my industry with rich content,
And giv'st my weary age this soft abode.'

*The work is done, the structure is complete—
Long may the produce of my humble toil
Uninjur'd stand ! and echo long repeat
Round the dear walls, Benevolence and Moyle !
Hull.*

PRINCE EDWARD AND ADAM GORDON.

To Adam Gordon's gloomy haunt
Prince Edward wound his way ;
' And could I but meet that bold outlaw,
In the wold where he doth lay !'

Prince Edward boldly wound his way
The briars and bogs among :
' And could I but find that bold outlaw,
His life should not be long.

' For he hath harrow'd merry Hampshire,
And many a spoil possess'd ;
A bolder outlaw than this wight
Ne'er trod by East and West.

' And now come on, my merry men all,
Nor heed the dreary way ;
For could I but meet that bold outlaw,
Full soon I would him slay.

' And when we meet in hardy fight,
Let no one come between ;
For Adam o'Gordon's as brave a man
As ever fought on green.'

Then spake a knight, ' It may be long
Ere Gordon you shall find ;
For he doth dwell in a dreary haunt,
Remote from human kind.

' Among the wolds and deep morass
His lodging he hath ta'en ;
And never that wand'ring-wight went in,
That e'er came out again.

‘So dark, so narrow, and so drear,
The windings all about,
That scarce the birds that skim the air
Can find their way throughout.’

Prince Edward drew his dark brown sword,
And shook his shining lance :
‘And rather I’d fight this bold outlaw,
Than all the peers of France.’

Prince Edward grasp’d his buckler strong,
And proudly marched forth :
‘And rather I’d conquer this bold outlaw,
Than all the knights of the North.’

And then bespoke a valiant knight :
‘Now, prince, thy words make good ;
For yonder I see that proud outlaw,
A coming forth the wood.’

Then quick the prince lit off his steed,
And onward wound his way :
‘Now stand ye by, my merry men all,
And ye shall see brave play.’

Brave Adam o’Gordon saw the prince,
As he came forth the wold :
And soon he knew him by his shield,
And his banners all of gold.

‘Arouse,’ he cried, ‘my merry men all,
And stand ye well your ground ;
For yonder great prince Edward comes,
For valour so renown’d.’

‘ Now, welcome, welcome, Adam Gordon,
I’m glad I have thee found ;
For many a day I’ve sought for thee,
Through all the country round.’

‘ Now here I swear,’ brave Adam cried,
‘ Had I but so been told,
I would have met thee long ere now,
In city or in wold.’

O then began as fierce a fight
As e’er was fought in field ;
The prince was stout, the outlaw strong,
Their hearts with courage steel’d.

Full many an hour in valiant fight
These chieftains bold did close ;
Full many an hour the hills and woods
Re-echoed with their blows.

Full many a warrior stood around
That marvellous fight to see,
While from their wounds the gushing blood
Ran like the fountain free.

Thrice they agreed, o’erspent with toil,
To cease their sturdy blows ;
And thrice they stopp’d to quench their thirst,
And wipe their bloody brows.

Edward aye lov’d that bravery
Which Adam prov’d in fight,
And, with congenial virtue fir’d,
Resolv’d to do him right.

- ‘ Adam, thy valour charms my soul,
I ever love the brave ;
And though I fear not thy dread sword,
Thy honour I would save.
- ‘ Here, Gordon, do I plight my hand,
My honour and renown,
That, if thou to my sword wilt yield,
And my allegiance own—
- ‘ But more,—if thou wilt be my friend,
And faithful share my heart,
I’ll ever prove gentle unto thee—
We never more will part.
- ‘ Thou in the raging battle’s hour,
Shall aye fight by my side,
And at my table and my court
In time of peace preside.
- ‘ When prosperous fate shall gild my throne,
Thou shalt partake my joy ;
When troubles low’r, to soothe thy prince
Shall be thy sole employ.
- ‘ And I to thee the same will prove,
A gentle bosom friend ;
In joy to share thy happiness,
In wo thy care to end.
- ‘ Now, Adam, take thy lasting choice,
Thy prince awaits thy word :
Accept, brave man ! my smile or frown—
My friendship or my sword.’

Brave Adam, struck with wonder, gaz'd—
He sigh'd at every word:
Then, falling quick upon his knee,
He gave the prince his sword.

Upon the warrior's dark brown cheek
A tear was seen to shine—
He laid his hand upon his heart—
' Brave Edward, I am thine.'

The pitying prince the warrior rais'd,
And press'd him to his heart ;
' Adam, thy prince will be thy friend,—
We never more will part.'

A shouting from their followers by
Proclaim'd the joyful sound ;
The hills and woodlands, echoing loud,
Dispers'd the tidings round.

The prince then made that brave outlaw
On his own steed to ride,
With banners rich and trappings gay,
And he rode by his side.

And when with shouts to Guilford town
This noble train came on,
O'erjoy'd our royal queen came forth,
To meet her warlike son.—

' Fair son, fair son, more dear to me,
Than all that life can give,
Full many a day the loss of thee
Hath caus'd my heart to grieve.

‘ And whence that stain upon thy shield ?
That blood upon thy brow ?

Oh ! thou hast had some desperate fight,
And didst not let me know.

‘ Was it among the rebel host
Thy sword hath got this stain ?
And are their banners overthrown ?
And proud earl Derby slain ?

‘ Or is’t where Kenilworth’s proud tow’rs
O’erlook the neighbour plain,
That thou hast rear’d thy conquering arms,
And fix’d thy father’s reign ?

‘ Oh ! I’ve not been where Derby’s earl
The rebel cause upholds ;
But I’ve o’ercome a braver man,
’Mong forests, bogs, and wolds.

‘ Nor have I seen proud Kenilworth,
With towers all arow ;
But I’ve o’ercome a braver man
Than Kenilworth e’er did know.

‘ Adam o’Gordon is that man,
A braver ne’er was seen’—
Then took the warrior by the hand,
And led him to the queen.

And there the Gordon was caress’d,
With tilts and revelry ;
And none in all the tournaments
Was found with him to vie.

Where'er the royal Edward fought,
 Brave Gordon aye would wend ;
 And Edward, like a noble prince,
 Was ever Gordon's friend. *Anonymous.*

HUME AND MURRAY.

STOUT Hume, he dwelt in fair Scotland,
 A worthy wight was he ;
 Whene'er he rais'd his burnish'd brand,
 He caus'd his foes to flee.

And yet he was in prime of youth,
 Of years scant twenty-five ;
 In deeds of war, to say the truth,
 He fear'd no man alive.

Of years scant twenty-five was he,
 And comely was his face ;
 His yellow locks in ringlets free,
 Hung down his neck with grace.

Blue were his eyes, and streams of fire,
 When angry, from them came ;
 Not so when urg'd by soft desire,
 He wooed the yielding dame.

His cheeks were red, for health was there,
 And taught the blood to flow :
 His limbs were strong, yet light as air
 He chas'd the bounding roe.

Stout Hume to youthful Murray said,
 ' My soul is sick with love ;
 I'm vanquish'd by an English maid ;
 Thy faith I mean to prove :

‘Oft hast thou told me, trust my aid,
In any bold emprise’—
Quoth Murray, ‘what he once hath said,
Accurs’d be who denies !

‘The word which once I promis’d have,
I still will keep to death :
Thou shalt not frown upon my grave ;
I’m thine while I have breath.’

‘Then saddle straight thy dapple steed,
And take thy bow in hand :
While I, to serve in time of need,
Gird on my trusty band.

‘And let us straight to Langley’s haste,
A churlish knight, and bold ;
Fair Rosaline, his daughter chaste,
Is she I long to enfold.

‘He is a knight of Percy’s train ;
And, when a hostage there,
I strove fair Rosaline to gain,
But he refus’d my prayer.

‘O Rosaline ! how passing fair,
How beautiful art thou !
Like clust’ring blossoms waves thy hair
Upon the summer bough.

‘Thy forehead mocks the mountain-snow ;
Thy lips the scarlet thread ;
Thy cheeks, where blooming roses grow,
Is Cupid’s fragrant bed.

‘ In her sweet eyes his form he shrouds,
 And whets his darts of war ;
 Her eyebrows are the heav’nly clouds
 Whence breaks the morning star.

‘ Her teeth the iv’ry laugh to scorn ;
 Her neck the crystal clear,
 Through which, in azure channels borne,
 The streams of life appear.

‘ The down of whitest swans ’twere shame
 To say her breast exceeds ;
 Its swelling orbs the tender flame
 Of love and virtue feeds.’

‘ Why sit we here,’ quoth Murray, ‘ then,
 And spend our time in words ?
 Let us together call our men,
 And bid them take their swords.’

‘ Nay, Murray, nay, but thou and I
 Must do this deed alone ?’

‘ Let us,’ brave Murray answered, ‘ fly,
 The deed it shall be done.’

Each mounted then his dapple steed,
 They left the Scottish strand ;
 Through Langley’s wood they now proceed,
 In fair Northumberland.

They reach’d the gate at morning tide,
 The gate of Langley-place ;
 When, through a window, Rosaline spied
 Her stately lover’s pace.

‘What light dispels the morning gloom!

’Tis she! my love! ’tis she!’

Then to the ditch-side hasted Hume,
And lowly bent his knee.

With speed she through the window pass’d,
And lit upon the ground;

While Hume he cross’d the ditch with haste,
He did not stay to sound.

He bore her down the bank so steep,

He wanted not a guide;

He cross’d the ditch, both wide and deep,
And landed on t’other side.

They spurr’d their dapple steeds along,

Their steeds outstripp’d the wind;

And soon was Langley’s castle strong
Full many a mile behind.

‘Langley, awake?’ the porter cries,

‘Your daughter’s fled away;

She is fled with Hume; arise! arise!

Pursue without delay!’

Then Langley call’d his four bold sons,

As bold as bold could be;

They spur each steed, which swiftly runs,
And scours across the lee.

They spur their steeds with mickle might,

Till, on a rising hill,

They see the lovers full in sight,

Yet onward prick they still.

They see the lovers ford the Tweed,
 To whom thus Murray kind,
 ‘Fly on, my friends, with treble speed,
 While I remain behind.’

‘Nay, Heav’n forefend!’ brave Hume replied,
 ‘That thou alone should’st stand,
 I’ll fix my feet thy feet beside,
 And meet yon hostile band.’

‘Fly on, fly on,’ bold Murray cries,
 ‘For know, unless I dream,
 Unless my bow-string fail, or eyes,
 Not one shall cross the stream.’

‘O spare my father’s valued life !
 Quoth Rosaline, with a sigh ;
 ‘O spare my brethren in the strife’—
 Quoth Murray, ‘None shall die.’

The lovers fled—His bow he drew,
 And twang’d with utmost force,
 The arrow from the elastic yew,
 Straight kill’d the foremost horse.

Again he shot, nor miss’d his aim,
 Another horse fell dead ;
 Three more fell flound’ring in the stream,
 And then bold Murray fled.

He join’d the lovers in their flight,
 The happy deed he told ;
 Her cheeks warm blushes render bright,
 Which fear before made cold.

Blushes of joy her cheeks adorn,
Which Hume with rapture saw ;
The priest was called that blessed morn,
And sanction'd love with law.

But Langley and his sons with shame,
From out the water rise ;
On foot, and slower then he came,
To Percy now he hies—

‘A boon, earl Percy, I request ;’
‘What boon?’ said Percy, ‘then !’
‘That all in glitt’ring armour dress’d,
Invade the Scottish men.

‘For Hume, that thief, hath stole my child,
My pleasure and my pride :
He bore her through the marshes wild,
With Murray by his side.

‘Who, as we cross’d the Tweed, took aim,
Most like a traitor Scot,
And all our horses in the stream,
With his sharp arrows shot.

‘God’s blood !’ quoth Percy, ‘wicked Cain !
To steal thy Rosaline !
Hath Hume thy bonny daughter ta’en ?
I would he had taken mine.

‘For, though my foe, I love him well,
And prize his martial fire ;
Langley, in sooth I shall not mell,
Would he could call me sire.’

Anonymous.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;

There is no armour against fate :

Death lays his icy hands on kings :

Sceptre and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;

But their strong nerves at last must yield,

They tame but one another still.

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,

When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;

Then boast no more your mighty deeds :

Upon Death's purple altar now

See where the victor victim bleeds.

All heads must come

To the cold tomb :

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet, and blossom, in the dust.

James Shirley.

A WAR SONG. FROM THE SPANISH.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore;
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sand so bright,
Moorish chiefs, and Christian warriors,
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes,
On thy fatal banks were slain :
Fatal banks, that gave to slaughter,
All the pride and flow'r of Spain !

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory, died ;
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo ! where yonder Don Saavedra
Through their squadrons slow retires ;
Proud Seville his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind, a renegado
Loudly shouts, with taunting cry :
' Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra !
Dost thou from the battle fly !

' Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof ;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof:

' Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know ;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and wo.

' May our Prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine :
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine.'

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare :
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound :
Instant sunk the renagado
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay ;
Wearied out but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
Stout resists the paynim bands ;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage,
Loss of blood at length enfeebles ;
Who can war with thousands wage ?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

Percy.

ALCANZOR AND ZAIDA, A MOORISH TALE: IMI-
TATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor, Alcanzor,
Shunning ev'ry glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for th' appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro:
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate tease him,
Oft he sighs with heartfelt care.
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the tim'rous fair.

Lovely seems the Moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the Sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight,
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Through the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh :
'Alla* keep thee, lovely lady !
Tell me, am I doom'd to die ?

'Is it true, the dreadful story
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That seduc'd by sordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age ?

'An old lord from Antiquera,
Thy stern father brings along ;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong ?

'If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes ;
Hide not then from me the secret
Which the world so clearly knows.'

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend ;

'Ah ! my lord, too true the story ;
Here our tender loves must end.

* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

- ‘ Our fond friendship is discover’d,
Well are known our mutual vows ;
All my friends are full of fury ;
Storms of passion shake the house.
- ‘ Threats, reproaches, fears, surround me :
My stern father breaks my heart ;
Alla knows how dear it cost me,
Gen’rous youth, from thee to part.
- ‘ Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine ;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine ?
- ‘ Well thou know’st how dear I lov’d thee,
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Though I fear’d my haughty father
Ne’er would let me be thy bride.
- ‘ Well thou know’st what cruel chidings
Oft I’ve from my mother borne,
What I’ve suffer’d here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.
- ‘ I no longer may resist them ;
All to forcè my hand combine ;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.
- ‘ Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong ;
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long.

' Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor !

Farewell too my life with thee !

Take this scarf, a parting token ;

When thou wear'st it, think on me.

' Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden

Shall reward thy gen'rous truth ;

Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida

Died for thee in prime of youth.'

To him, all amaz'd, confounded,

Thus she did her woes impart ;

Deep he sigh'd ; then cried, ' O Zaida,

Do not, do not break my heart !

' Canst thou think I thus will lose thee ?

Canst thou hold my love so small ?

No ! a thousand times I'll perish !

My curs'd rival too shall fall.

' Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them ?

O break forth, and fly to me !

This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,

These fond arms shall shelter thee.'

' 'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor ;

Spies surround me, bars secure :

Scarce I steal this last dear moment,

While my damsel keeps the door.'

' Hark, I hear my father storming !

Hark, I hear my mother chide !

I must go ; farewell for ever !

Gracious Alla be thy guide !'

Percy.

THE SPANISH VIRGIN, OR EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

ALL tender hearts, that ache to hear
Of those that suffer wrong ;
All you that never shed a tear,
Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy
My tale doth far exceed :
Alas ! that so much cruelty
In female hearts should breed !

In Spain a lady liv'd of late,
Who was of high degree ;
Whose wayward temper did create
Much wo and misery.

Strange jealousies so fill'd her head
With many a vain surmise,
She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed,
And did her love despise.

A gentlewoman passing fair
Did on this lady wait :
With bravest dames she might compare
Her beauty was complete.

Her lady cast a jealous eye
Upon this gentle maid ;
And tax'd her with disloyalty ;
And did her oft upbraid.

In silence still this maiden meek
Her bitter taunts would bear,
While oft adown her lovely cheek
Would steal the falling tear.

In vain in humble sort she strove
Her fury to disarm ;
As well the meekness of the dove
The bloody hawk might charm.

Her lord, of humour light and gay,
And innocent the while,
As oft as she came in his way,
Would on the damsel smile.

And oft before his lady's face,
As thinking her her friend,
He would the maiden's modest grace
And comeliness commend.

All which incens'd his lady so,
She burn'd with wrath extreme ;
At length the fire, that long did glow,
Burst forth into a flame.

For on a day it so befell,
When he was gone from home,
The lady all with rage did swell,
And to the damsel come :

And charging her with great offence,
And many a grievous fault ;
She bade her servants drag her thence,
Into a dismal vault,

That lay beneath the common-shore :
A dungeon dark and deep,
Where they were wont, in days of yore,
Offenders great to keep.

There never light of cheerful day
Dispers'd the hideous gloom :
But dank and noisome vapours play
Around the wretched room :

And adders, snakes, and toads therein,
As afterwards was known,
Long in this loathsome vault had been,
And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place,
The fair one innocent
Was cast, before her lady's face ;
Her malice to content.

This maid no sooner enter'd is,
But straight, alas ! she hears
The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss :
Then grievously she fears.

Soon from their holes the vipers creep,
And fiercely her assail :
Which makes the damsel sorely weep,
And her sad fate bewail.

With her fair hands she strives in vain
Her body to defend :
With shrieks and cries she doth complain,
But all is to no end.

A servant, list'ning near the door,
Struck with her doleful noise
Straight ran his lady to implore ;
But she'll not hear his voice.

With bleeding heart he goes again
To mark the maiden's groans ;
And plainly hears, within the den,
How she herself bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies
With all the haste he may :
She into furious passion flies,
And orders him away.

Still back again does he return
To hear her tender cries ;
The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn ;
Which fill'd him with surprise.

In grief, and horror, and affright,
He listens at the walls ;
But finding all was silent quite,
He to his lady calls.

' Too sure, O lady, now,' quoth he,
' Your cruelty hath sped ;
Make haste, for shame, and come and see ;
I fear the virgin's dead.'

She starts to hear her sudden fate,
And does with torches run :
But all her haste was now too late,
For death his worst had done.

The door being open'd, straight they found
The virgin stretch'd along :
Two dreadful snakes had wrapp'd her round,
Which her to death had stung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her waist,
Had twin'd his fatal wreath :
The other close her neck embrac'd,
And stopp'd her gentle breath.

The snakes, being from her body thrust,
Their bellies were so fill'd,
That with excess of blood they burst,
Thus with their prey were kill'd.

The wicked lady at this sight,
With horror straight ran mad ;
So raving died, as was most right,
'Cause she no pity had.

Let me advise you, ladies all,
Of jealousy beware :
It causeth many a one to fall,
And is the Devil's snare.

Anonymous.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she woo'd an English man ?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Deck'd with jewels had she on :
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
Both by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie ;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment

For to set all ladies free,

With their jewels still adorned,

None to do them injury.

‘O then,’ said this lady gay, ‘full wo is me!

O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

‘Gallant captain, show some pity

To a lady in distress;

Leave me not within this city,

For to die in heaviness:

Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,

But my heart in prison still remains with thee.’

‘How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,

Whom thou know’st thy country’s foe?

Thy fair words make me suspect thee;

Serpents lie where flowers grow.’

‘All the harm I wish on thee, most courteous knight,

God grant upon my head the same may fully light!

‘Blessed be the time and season

That thou cam’st on Spanish ground!

If you may our foes be termed,

Gentle foes we have you found:

With our city, you have won our hearts each one,

Then to your country bear away that is your own.’

‘Rest you still, most gallant lady:

Rest you still, and weep no more;

Of fair flowers you have plenty,

Spain doth yield you wondrous store.’

Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,

But Englishmen throughout the world are counted
kind.

‘Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoy’st my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is press’d;
The wife of ev’ry Englishman is counted bless’d.’

‘It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence.’
‘I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
And, like a page, will follow thee where’er thou go.’

‘I have neither gold nor silver,
To maintain thee in this case:
And to travel is great charges,
As you know, in ev’ry place.’
‘My chains and jewels ev’ry one shall be thy own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown.’

‘On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from wat’ry eyes.’
‘Well, in troth, I shall endure extremity,
For, I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.’

‘Courteous lady, leave this folly,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I, in England, have already
A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.’

‘ O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend ;
Many happy days God send her !
And of my suit I’ll make an end :
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

‘ Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets for a token ;
Grieving that I was so bold :
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee ;
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

‘ I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all his laws defy ;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company :
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

‘ Thus farewell, most gallant captain !
Farewell to my heart’s content !
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my mind was bent :
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee !’
‘ The like fall into thy share, most fair lady !’
Anonymous.

THE BRIDAL BED.

It was a maid of low degree,
Sat on her true-love’s grave ;
And with her tears most piteously
The green turf she did lave ;

She strewed the flowers, she pluck'd the weed,
And showers of tears she shed :

‘ Sweet turf !’ she said, ‘ by fate decreed
To be my bridal bed.

‘ I’ve set thee, flower ; for that the flower
Of manhood lieth here ;
And watered thee, with plenteous showers
Of many a briny tear.

And still she cried—‘ Oh stay, my love,
My true-love, stay for me :

Stay, till I’ve deck’d my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.’

‘ I pluck’d thee, weed, for that no weed
Did in his bosom grow ;

But sweetest flowers, from virtue’s seed,
Did there spontaneous blow :

But, ah ! their beauteous tints no more
A balmy fragrance shed ;

And I must strew this meaner flower,
To deck my bridal bed.

‘ Sweet turf ! thy green more green appears,
Tears make thy verdure grow :

Then thee I’ll water with my tears,
Which now profusely flow.

O ! stay for me, departed youth,
My true love, stay for me ;

Stay till I’ve deck’d my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.

‘ This is the blooming wreath he wove,
To deck his bride, dear youth !

And this the ring, with which my love
To me did plight his truth :

And this dear ring I was to keep,
 And with it to be wed ;
 But here, alas ! I sigh and weep,
 To deck my bridal bed !'

A blithesome knight came riding by,
 And, as the bright moon shone,
 He saw her on the green turf lie,
 And heard her piteous moan—
 For loud she cried—' Oh stay, my love,
 My true love, stay for me ;
 Stay, till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
 And I will follow thee.'

' O say,' he said, ' fair maiden, say,
 What cause doth work thy wo,
 That on a cold grave thou dost lay,
 And fast thy tears o'erflow ?'
 ' Oh ! I have cause to weep for wo,
 For my true-love is dead !
 And thus, while fast my tears o'erflow,
 I deck my bridal bed.'

' Be calm, fair maid !' the knight replied,
 ' Thou art too young to die ;
 Then go with me, and be my bride,
 And leave the old to sigh.'
 But still she call'd—' Oh stay, my love,
 My true-love, stay for me ;
 Stay, till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
 And I will follow thee.'

' Oh leave,' he cried, ' this grief so cold,
 And leave this dread despair,
 And thou shalt flaunt in robes of gold,
 A lady rich and fair ;

Thou shalt have halls and castles fair ;
And when, sweet maid ! we wed,
O ! thou shalt find much costly gear
To deck thy bridal bed.'

' Ah ! hold thy peace, too cruel knight,
Nor urge me to despair ;
With thee my troth I will not plight,
For all thy proffers fair :
But I will die, with my own true-love—
My true-love stay for me ;
Stay, till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.

' Both halls and castles I despise :
This turf is all I crave ;
For all my hopes, and all my joys,
Lie buried in this grave !
I want nor gold nor costly gear,
Now my true-love is dead ;
But fading flower, and scalding tear,
To deck my bridal bed.'

' Oh ! be my bride, thou weeping fair !
Oh ! be my bride, I pray :
And I will build a tomb most rare,
Where thy true-love shall lay.'
Still, still with tears, she cried, ' My love,
My true-love, stay for me !
Stay, till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.

' My love—he needs no tomb so rare !
In one green grave we'll lie ;
Our carved works—these flowrets fair,
Our canopy—the sky.

Now go, sir Knight, now go thy ways,
Full soon I shall be dead:

But yet return, in some few days,
And deck my bridal bed :

‘ Then strew the flower, and pluck the thorn,
And cleanse the turf, I pray :

So may some hand thy turf adorn,
When thou in grave shall lay.

But stay, oh thou whom dear I love!

My true-love, stay for me ;
Stay, till I’ve deck’d my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.’

‘ No, maid, I will not go my ways,
And leave thee here alone ;

Nor, while despair upon thee preys,
Neglect thy woful moan :

But I will stay, and share thy wo ;
My tears with thine I’ll shed ;

And help thee pluck the flower, to strow
O’er thy sad bridal bed.’

Now from the church came forth the priest,

Whose midnight chaunt was done,
And much the hapless maid he press’d
To cease her piteous moan :

For still she cried—‘ Oh stay, my love,
My true-love, stay for me ;

Stay, till I’ve deck’d my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.’

‘ O kneel with me,’ he said, ‘ dear maid,

O kneel in holy prayer !

Haply, kind Heaven may vouch thee aid,
And soothe thy sad despair.’

‘ I blame not Heaven !’ the maid replied,
‘ But mourn my true-love—dead !
And on his green grave I’ll abide,
For ’tis my bridal bed !’

The hapless maid knelt down, for fear
That holy man should blame ;
But still, with ev’ry hallow’d prayer,
She sigh’d her true-love’s name !
Still soft she cried—‘ Oh stay, my love,
My true-love, stay for me ;
Stay, till I’ve deck’d my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.’

‘ Enough ! enough, thou much-tried dear !’
The weeping knight exclaim’d ;
‘ Enough ! I’ve tried thee, matchless fair !
And be the trial blam’d.
I am thy love, thy own true-love,
And I am come to wed ;
Nor shall this turf thy green grave prove,
Nor be thy bridal bed.

‘ I am a knight of noble name,
And thou of low degree :
So, like a shepherd, poor I came
To prove thy constancy.’
But she, with wo forlorn, still cried,
‘ My true-love, stay for me ;
Stay, till I’ve deck’d my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.’

‘ Enough ! enough, thou too-tried maid !’
Again the knight exclaim’d ;
‘ See at thy feet thy true-love laid,
Of all his guile asham’d.

Forgive me, maid—my love now prove—

O! let us instant wed ;

And thou with tears of joy, my love,
Shalt deck thy bridal bed.'

'And art thou *him*?' exclaim'd the maid—

'And dost *thou* live?' she cried ;

'Too cruel love!' she faintly said,

Then wrung his hand—and died!

'Stay!' cried the knight, all wo-begone,

'Now stay, my love! for *me* ;—

Stay, till I've deck'd our bridal bed,

And I will follow *thee* !'

In vain the priest, with holy lore,

By turns did soothe and chide ;

The knight, distracted, wept full sore,

And on the green turf—died.

Now underneath—may Heaven them save!—

The lovers both are laid :

And thus, indeed, the green-tuft grave

Became their bridal bed.

Anonymous.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.

IN Scarlet town, where I was born,

There was a fair maid dwelling,

Made every youth cry, Wel-awaye!

Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,

When green buds they were swelling,

Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,

For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwelling ;
' You must come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen.

' For death is printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing ;
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.'

Though death be printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing :
Yet little better shall he be
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said, when there she came,
' Young man, I think you're dying.'

He turn'd his face unto her straight,
With deadly sorrow sighing ;
' O lovely maid, come pity me,
I'm on my death bed lying.'

' If on your death-bed you do lie,
What needs the tale you're telling ?
I cannot keep you from your death :
Farewell !' said Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in :
' Adieu ! adieu ! adieu to all !
Adieu to Barbara Allen !'

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the bells a knelling ;
And every stroke did seem to say,
' Unworthy Barbara Allen !'

She turned her body round about,
And spied the corpse a coming ;
' Lay down, lay down the corpse,' she said,
' That I may look upon him.'

With scornful eye she looked down,
Her cheek with laughter swelling :
Whilst all her friends cried out amain,
' Unworthy Barbara Allen !'

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow.
' O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow.

' Hard-hearted creature, him to slight,
Who loved me so dearly :
O that I had been more kind to him,
When he was alive and near me !'

She, on her death-bed as she lay,
Begg'd to be buried by him ;
And sore repented of the day
That she did e'er deny him.

' Farewell,' she said, ' ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in ;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.'

Anonymous.

JULIA.

To the graves where sleep the dead,
Hapless Julia took her way ;
Sighs to heave, and tears to shed,
O'er the spot where Damon lay.
Many a blooming flow'r she bore,
O'er the green grass turf to throw ;
And, while fast her tears did pour,
Thus she sang to soothe her wo :

' Soft and safe, though lowly grave,
Fast o'er thee my tears shall flow ;
Only hope the hapless have,
Only refuge left for wo.
Constant love and grief sincere
Shall thy hallow'd turf pervade ;
And many a heartfelt sigh and tear,
Hapless youth, shall soothe thy shade.

' Lighted by the Moon's pale shine,
See me, to thy memory true,
Lowly bending at thy shrine,
Many a costly flow'r to strew :
But how little do these flow'rs
Prove my love and constancy !
Yet a few sad fleeting hours,
And, dear youth, I'll follow thee.

' Rose, replete with scent and hue,
Sweetest flow'r that Nature blows,
Damon flourish'd once like you ;
Now o'er him the green grass grows.

Rose, go deck his hallow'd grave,
Lily, o'er the green turf twine ;
Honour meet that turf should have,
Beauty's bed, and virtue's shrine.

' Primrose pale, and violet blue,
Jas'min sweet, and eglantine,
Nightly here thy sweets I strew,
Proud to deck my true-love's shrine :
Like you, my Damon bloom'd a day,
He did die, and so must you—
But such charms can you display,
Half so virtuous, half so true?

' No, sweet flow'rets, no such charms,
No such virtues can you boast ;
Yet he's torn from my fond arms,
Yet my faithful love is cross'd.
But a radiant morn shall rise,
(Loit'ring moments, faster flow)
When with him I'll tread the skies,
Smile at death, and laugh at wo.'

Thus she sung, and strew'd the flow'r,
Beat her breast, and wept, and sigh'd ;
And, when toll'd the midnight hour,
On the green turf grave she died.
Many a nightingale forlorn
Sung her knell, while breezes sigh'd :
Haughty grandeur heard with scorn,
How so poor a maiden died. *Anonymous.*

WINIFRED, OR AN ADDRESS TO CONJUGAL LOVE.

AWAY: let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care ;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood ;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke :
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess ;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
Suffieient for our wishes give ;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread ;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung :
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go a wooing in my boys.

Anonymous.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads ;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.
' Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine,
My true-love thou didst see.'
' And how should I know your true-love
From many another one ?'—
' O, by his coele hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon :
' But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view ;
His flaxen locks, that sweetly curl'd
And eyne of lovely blue.'
' O lady, he is dead and gone !
Lady, he's dead and gone !
And at his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.
' Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

‘ Here bore him, bare-faced on his bier,
Six proper youths and tall ;
And many a tear bedew’d his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.’

‘ And art thou dead, thou gentle youth ?
And art thou dead and gone ?
And didst thou die for love of me ?
Break, cruel heart of stone !’

‘ O weep not, lady, weep not so !
Some ghostly comfort seek :
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.’

‘ O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e’er won lady’s love.

‘ And now, alas ! for thy sad loss,
I’ll ever weep and sigh ;
For thee I only wish to live,
For thee I wish to die.’

‘ Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain :
For violets pluck’d, the sweetest show’rs
Will ne’er make grow again.

‘ Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.’

- ‘ O say not so, thou holy friar !
I pray thee, say not so !
For since my true-love died for me,
’Tis meet my tears should flow.
- ‘ And will he never come again ?
Will he ne’er come again ?
Ah, no ! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.
- ‘ His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comeliest youth was he ;
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Alas ! and wo is me !’
- ‘ Sigh no more, lady sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.
- ‘ Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer-trees were leafy.’
- ‘ Now say not so, thou holy friar !
I pray thee, say not so !
My love he had the truest heart ;
O he was ever true !
- ‘ And art thou dead, thou much-lov’d youth ?
And didst thou die for me ?
Then farewell home ! for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

‘ But first upon my true-love’s grave
My weary limbs I’ll lay ;
And thrice I’ll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.’

‘ Yet, stay, fair lady, stay awhile
Beneath this cloister wall :
See, through the hawthorn blows the wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.’

‘ O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray !
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.’

‘ Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears ;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true-love appears.

‘ Here, forc’d by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought.
And here, amidst these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

‘ But, haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass’d away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.’

‘ Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart ;
For since I’ve found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.’

Percy.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRA-
VELLER.

‘ As ye came from the holy land
Of blessed Walsingham,
O met you not with my true-love,
As by the way ye came ?’

‘ How should I know your true-love ;
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy land,
That have both come and gone ?’

‘ My love is neither white, nor brown,
But as the heavens fair ;
There is none that hath her form divine,
Either in earth, or air.’

‘ Such an one did I meet, good sir,
With an angelic face ;
Who like a nymph, a queen appear’d
Both in her gait, her grace.’

‘ Yes, she hath clean forsaken me
And left me all alone ;
Who sometime lov’d me as her life,
And called me her own.’

‘ What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
And a new way doth take ;
That sometimes lov’d thee as her life,
And thee her joy did make ?’

‘ I that lov’d her all my youth,
Grow old now as you see ;
Love liketh not the falling fruit,
Nor yet the withered tree.

‘ For love is like a careless child,
Forgetting promise past ;
He is blind or deaf, whene’er he list,
His faith is never fast.

‘ His fond desire is fickle found,
And yields a trustless joy ;
Won with a world of toil and care,
And lost ev’n with a toy.

‘ Such is the love of womankind,
Of Love’s fair name abus’d,
Beneath which many vain desires,
And follies are excus’d.

‘ But true love is a lasting fire,
Which viewless vestals tend,
That burns for ever in the soul,
And knows nor change nor end.

Anonymous.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

‘ TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hospitable ray.

‘ For here forlorn and lost I tread,
 With fainting steps and slow ;
 Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
 Seem lengthening as I go.’

‘ Forbear, my son,’ the hermit cries,
 ‘ To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
 For yonder phantom only flies
 To lure thee to thy doom.

‘ Here to the houseless child of want,
 My door is open still ;
 And though my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good will.

‘ Then turn to-night, and freely share
 Whate’er my cell bestows ;
 My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
 My blessing and repose.

‘ No flocks that range the valley free,
 To slaughter I condemn :
 Taught by that Power that pities me,
 I learn to pity them.

‘ But from the mountain’s grassy side,
 A guiltless feast I bring ;
 A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
 And water from the spring.

‘ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 For earth-born cares are wrong :
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long.’

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay :
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And stranger led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To revels or to rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smil'd ;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrup on the hearth ;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's wo ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit 'spied,
 With answering cares oppress'd ;
 ' And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
 ' The sorrows of thy breast ?

' From better habitation spurn'd,
 Reluctant dost thou rove ;
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love ?

' Alas ! the joys that fortune brings,
 Are trifling and decay !
 And those that prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they.

' And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep ;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 But leaves the wretch to weep ?

' And love is still an emptier sound,
 The modern fair one's jest :
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle's nest.

' For shame, fond youth ! thy sorrows hush,
 And spurn the sex,' he said :
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view ;
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

And, ' Ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn,' she cried ;
' Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude,
Where heaven and you reside.

' But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

' My father liv'd beside the Tyne;
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd for mine,
He had but only me.

' To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came :
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

' Each hour the mercenary crowd
With richest presents strove :
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

' In humble simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

‘ The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin’d,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

‘ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but wo is me,
Their constancy was mine.

‘ For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touch’d my heart,
I triumph’d in his pain.

‘ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died.

‘ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

‘ And there forlorn, despairing hid,
I’ll lay me down and die ;
’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.’

‘ Forbid it, Heaven !’ the hermit cried,
And clasp’d her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turn’d to chide,
’Twas Edwin’s self that press’d.

‘ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer turn to see,
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor’d to love and thee.

‘ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev’ry care resign.’

‘ And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that’s mine?’

‘ No, never from this hour to part;
We’ll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin’s too.’ *Goldsmith.*

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a shelt’ring wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish’d fair
Beneath a mother’s eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her bless’d, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles through Heav’n
When May’s sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This chamber of the plains ;
That sun which bids their diamond blaze,
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair ;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul that knew no art,
And from whose eyes serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd ;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heartfelt bliss
Did love on both bestow !
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmov'd ;
Then with a father's frown at last,
He sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove ;
His heart which durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast ;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And wearied Heav'n with fruitless pray'rs,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past,' he cried, 'but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love.'

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear;
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
So morning dew appears.

But oh! his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she!)
Forbad what Emma came to say,
'My Edwin, live for me.'

Now homeward as she hopeless went
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door,
'He's gone,' she cried, 'and I shall see
That angel face no more!

'I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side'—
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She, shivering, sigh'd and died.

Mallet.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

WHEN all was wrapp'd in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like the April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay cold was her lily hand,
That held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown ;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime ;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She died before her time.

' Awake !' she cried, ' thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save :

' This is the dark and fearful hour
When injur'd ghosts complain :
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

‘Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.’

‘How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

‘How could you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale ?

‘That face, alas ! no more is fair,
That lip no longer red ;
Dark are my eyes, now clos’d in death,
And every charm is fled.

‘The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear ;
And cold and weary lasts our night
Till that last morn appear.

‘But hark ! the cock has warn’d me hence :
A long and last adieu !
Come see, false man ! how low she lies
That died for love of you.’

Now birds did sing, and Morning smil'd,
And show'd her glittering head;
Pale William shook in every limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Marg'ret's body lay,
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf
That wrapp'd her breathless clay:

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spoke never more.

Mallet.

LUCY AND COLIN.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face;
Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

O have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring,
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
A raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

'I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die :
Am I to blame because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I ?

'Ah, Colin ! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone ;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.
To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare ;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there !

'There bear my corpse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.'—
She spoke, she died ! her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bridemen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
He, to his Lucy's new-made grave
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.
But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

Tickell.

MATILDA.

OUTRAGEOUS did the loud wind blow
Across the sounding main!
The vessel tossing to and fro,
Could scarce the storm sustain.

Matilda to her fearful breast,
Held close her infant dear ;
His presence all her fears increas'd,
And wak'd the tender tear.

Now nearer to the grateful shore,
The shatter'd vessel drew :
The daring waves now cease to roar,
Now shout th' exulting crew.

Matilda with a mother's joy
Gave thanks to Heaven's power :
How fervent she embrac'd her boy !
How bless'd the saving hour !

Oh much deceiv'd and hapless fair !
Though ceas'd the waves to roar,
Thou from that fatal moment ne'er
Didst taste of pleasure more.

For, stepping forth from off the deck,
To reach the welcome ground,
The babe, unclasping from her neck,
Plung'd in the gulf profound.

Amazement-chain'd ! her haggard eye
Gave not a tear to flow ;
Her bosom heav'd no conscious sigh ;
She stood a sculptur'd wo.

To snatch the child from instant death,
Some brav'd the threat'ning main :
And to recall his fleeting breath,
Tried every art in vain.

But when the corse first met her view,
Stretch'd on the pebbly strand :
Awak'ning from her trance she flew,
And pierc'd th' opposing band :

With tresses discompos'd and rude,
Fell prostrate to the ground ;
To the infant's lips her lips she glued,
And sorrow burst its bound.

Uprising now with frantic air,
To the wide-circling crowd,
Who, pity-struck, partook her care,
She thus discours'd aloud :

' Heard ye the helpless infant weep ?
Saw ye the mother bold ?
How, as she flung him in the deep,
The billows o'er him roll'd.

' May beak'd remorse her bosom tear,
Despair her mind up-plough !
Its angry arm let justice rear,
To dash her impious brow.

' But soft, awhile—see there he lies,
Embalm'd in infant sleep :
Why fall the dew-drops from your eyes ?
What cause is here to weep ?

' Yes, yes ! his little life is fled,
His heaveless breast is cold ;
What tears will not thy mother shed,
When thy sad tale is told !

‘ Ah me, that check of livid hue,
If much I do not err !
Those lips where late the roses blew,
All, all my son declare.

‘ Strange horrors chill my ev’ry vein,
A voice confus’d and wild
Whispers to this distracted brain,
Matilda slew her child.’

She added not—but sunk oppress’d—
Death on her eyelids stole :
While from her much-afflicted breast
She sigh’d her troubled soul.

Jerningham.

BRYAN AND PEREENE, A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD,
FOUNDED ON A REAL FACT THAT HAPPENED
IN THE ISLAND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER’S.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor’d ;
Young Bryan thought the boat’s crew slow,
And so leap’d overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall ;
And whoso his impatience blames
I wot, ne’er lov’d at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land ;
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythesome roll'd his een ;
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung :
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That graced his mistress true ?
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new :

Her raven hair plays round her neck
Like tendrils of the vine ;
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
Her eyes like diaomnds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away ;
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad
She there impatient stood ;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave ;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
Rejoicing crowd the strand ;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
 To clasp her lovely swain ;
 When, ah ! a shark bit through his waist :
 His heart's blood dyed the main ;

He shriek'd ! his half sprang from the wave,
 Streaming with purple gore ;
 And soon it found a living grave,
 And, ah ! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
 Fetch water from the spring :
 She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
 And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb,
 Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew ;
 So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
 Her helpless fate 'scape you !

Grainger.

LOYALTY CONFINED.

BEAT on, proud billows ; Boreas, blow ;
 Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof !
 Your incivility doth show,
 That innocence is tempest proof ;
 Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm,
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.
 That which the world miscalls a jail,
 A private closet is to me :
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
 And innocence my liberty ;
 Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd,
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd ;
Or like those sophists that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty ;
The pelican her wilderness ;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus :
Contentment cannot smart ; Stoics, we see,
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I as my mistress' favours wear ;
And, for to keep my aneles warm,
I have some iron shackles there :
These walls are but my garrison ; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloister'd up from public sight :
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen :
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in :
Malice of late's grown charitable, sure ;
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife,
Did only wound him to a cure.
Malice, I see, wants wit ; for what is meant
Mischief, ofttimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem ;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him :
Now not to suffer, shows no loyal heart ;
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king,
Neither in person or in coin ;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not mine :
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart !

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coop'd in a cage ?
How doth she chant her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage !
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty ;
But though they do my corpse confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free :
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king !

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immur'd;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude :
Although rebellion do my body bind,
My king alone can captivate my mind.
Sir R. L'Estrange.

THE SOLDIER GOING TO THE FIELD.

PRESERVE thy sighs, unthrifty girl !
To purify the air ;
Thy tears, to thread, instead of pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse,
And wakes the louder drum ;
Expense of grief gains no remorse ;
When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy Peace
Will hide her drowsy head ;
And, for the sport of kings, increase
The number of the dead.

But first I'll chide thy cruel theft :
Can I in war delight,
Who, being of my heart bereft,
Can have no heart to fight ?

Thou know'st, the sacred laws of old
Ordain'd a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
What he had stol'n away.

Thy payment shall but double be;
 O then with speed resign
 My own seduced heart to me,
 Accompanied with thine.

Davenant.

A DAMSEL DEPLORING HER LOVER.

TWAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look:
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That trembled o'er the brook.

' Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest:
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast!

' The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Views tempests in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on
 Where gold and di'monds grow,
 You'll find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

'How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes these rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.'

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When, o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

Gay.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
'O where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew.'

William, who high upon the yard
Roek'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

' O Susan, Susan, lovely dear !
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear :
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

' Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
At every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

' If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright ;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

' Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet free from harms,
William shall to his dear return :
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
No longer must she stay on board :
They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head ;
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land ;
' Adieu !' she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

Gay.

O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME.

O NANCY! wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go;
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair? *Percy.*

MAY-EVE ; OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kiss reflected light.
 To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
 ('Tis where you've seldom been)
 May's vigil while the shepherds keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.
 Methinks I hear the maids declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love.

And see, the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green :
Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.
For see, the rosy May draws nigh !
She claims a virgin queen ;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen ! *Cunningham.*

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

Good-morrow to the day so fair ;
Good-morrow, sir, to you ;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too ;
Good-morrow to each maid,
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,
Wherein my love is laid.

I'll seek him there ! I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not ; though he be dead
He knows well who do love him ;
And who with green-turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender—pray, take heed—
 With bands of cowslips bind him,
 And bring him home—but 'tis decreed
 That I shall never find him.

Herrick.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly
 thus sung she,

'I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

'O, cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
 And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love
 from me!

Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although
 they've ruin'd me, [me.

And I love my love, because I know my love loves

'O, should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me
 to the sky,

I'd claim a guardian's angel's charge, around my
 love to fly;

To guard him from all dangers, how happy should
 I be! [me.

For I love my love, because I know my love loves

'I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous
 fine,

With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine,
 And I'll present it to my love, when he returns
 from sea; [me.

For I love my love, because I know my love loves

‘ O, if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest !
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should
be ! [me !

For I love my love, because I know my love loves

‘ O, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky !

I’d gaze around with piercing eyes where I my
love might spy :

But ah, unhappy maiden ! that love you ne’er shall
see : [me.’

Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves
Anonymous.

COLIN TO THE WILLOW.

To the brook and the willow, that heard him com-
Ah willow ! willow ! plain,

Poor Colin went weeping, and told him his pain.

Ah willow ! willow ! Ah willow ! willow !

‘ Sweet stream,’ he cried, ‘ sadly I’ll teach thee to
flow,

And the waters shall rise to the brink with my wo.

All restless and painful my Celia now lies,

And counts the sad moments of time as it flies :

To the nymph, my heart’s love, ye soft slumbers,
repair,

Spread your downy wings o’er her, and make her
your care ;

Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,

So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.

Sweetstream ! if you chance by her pillow to creep,

Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep ;

But if I am doom’d to be wretched indeed,

And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,

Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, believe,
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give ;
 One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,
 And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side.
 Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste,
 Bear this to my willow ; this verse is my last.

Ah willow ! willow ! Ah willow ! willow !

Rowe.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 There is no lady in the land,
 Is half so sweet as Sally :
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets doth cry 'em ;
 Her mother she sells laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em :
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally !
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
 (I love her so sincerely)
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely :

But, let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day ;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday :
For then I'm dress'd all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named ;
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have money ;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey :
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally ;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley ;

But when my seven long years are out,
 Oh then I'll marry Sally,
 Oh then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley. *Henry Carey.*

MEMORY.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain :
 Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's wo !
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe. *Goldsmith.*

HOPE.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part
 Still, still on hope relies ;
 And every pang that rends the heart,
 Bids expectation rise.
 Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray. *Goldsmith.*

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

Goldsmith.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
'The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cups were all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet;
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely alas!
I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

'And such,' I exclaim'd, 'is the pitiless part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow resign'd.

‘ This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
 Might have bloom’d with its owner awhile,
 And the tear that is wip’d with a little address,
 May be follow’d perhaps by a smile.’

Cowper.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

‘ **THY** braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !
 When first on them I met my lover ;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !
 When now thy waves his body cover !
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream !

Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
 For never on thy banks shall I
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

‘ He promis’d me a milk-white steed,
 To bear me to his father’s bowers ;
 He promis’d me a little page,
 To ’squire me to his father’s tow’rs ;
 He promis’d me a wedding-ring,—
 The wedding-day was fix’d to-morrow ;—
 Now he is wedded to his grave,
 Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow !

‘ Sweet were his words when last we met ;
 My passions I as freely told him !
 Clasp’d in his arms, I little thought
 That I should never more behold him !
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
 It vanish’d with a shriek of sorrow ;
 Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
 And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

‘His mother from the window look’d,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk’d
The green-wood path to meet her brother:
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!
‘No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother;
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.
‘The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow;
I’ll seek the body in the stream,
And then with thee I’ll sleep in Yarrow.’—
The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

Logan.

PLATO’S ADVICE.*

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
Since bounteous Heaven hath made him great?
Why look with insolent disdain
On those undeck’d with wealth or state?

*An alteration of a song written by the Rev. Matthew Pilkington, beginning
Why, Lycidas, should man be vain.

Can splendid robes or beds of down,
Or costly gems that deck the fair,
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
The humble and the haughty die ;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie.
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles bore ;
The wealth and glory they possess'd
And all their honours are no more.

So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train,
But when its short-liv'd beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove us calls we must obey.

Anonymous.

I ENVY NOT THE PROUD THEIR WEALTH.

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state ;
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings ;
For sceptres, to a virtuous mind,
Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
With brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days and restless nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye powers divine ;
And pleas'd when ye demand my life,
May I that life resign.

Pilkington.

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there ;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To ev'ry passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loud lute's romantic sound ;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade ;
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the silent greenwood shade.

These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Anonymous.

THE STORM.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blustering railer !
List, ye landsmen, all to me !
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea ;
From bounding billows fast in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies !

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail sheets and haulyards stand !
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand !
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The topsail sheets now let go ;
Luff, boys, luff ! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms ;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms ;
Round us roars the tempest louder,
Think what fear our minds enthrals
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls !

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course ;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys.
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear ;
Hands up, each preventure-brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer !

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash ;
One wide water all around us :
All above us one black sky ;
Different deaths at once surround us :
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces ;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn ;
Alas ! from thence there's no retreating !
Alas ! to them there's no return !
Still the leak is gaining on us !
Both chain-pumps are chok'd below :
Heaven have mercy here upon us !
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See ! our mizen-mast is gone !
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
Up, and rig a jury foremast,
She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore !

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Heaven has sav'd our lives !
Come, the can, boys ! let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives ;
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to our lips a brimmer join :
Where's the tempest now, who feels it ?
None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

G. A. Stevens.

THE SOFT FLOWING AVON.

'Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare
 would dream, [bed,
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain :
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their
truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth ;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow !
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow !
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread !
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.
Garrick.

SHAKSPEARE'S MULBERRY-TREE.

BEHOLD this fair goblet ! 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my sweet Shakspeare, was planted by
thee !

As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine !
All shall yield to the mulberry-tree ;
Bend to thee,
Bless'd mulberry !
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky ;
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here
To root out the natives at prices so dear ;
All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
 Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast ;
 But of fir we make ships, we have thousands that
 fight,
 While one, only one, like our Shakspeare can write.
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
 Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers ;
 The garden of Shakspeare all fancies will suit,
 With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
 birch
 Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church ;
 But law and the gospel in Shakspeare we find,
 And he gives the best physic for body and mind.
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
 From him and his merits this takes its degree ;
 Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
 Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

The genius of Shakspeare outshines the bright day,
 More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;
 So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
 Has laurel, and bays, and the vine, all in one.
 All shall yield to the mulberry-tree, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree ;
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be :

Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim ;
To honour the country, do honour to him.

All shall yield to the mulberry-tree ;

Bend to thee,

Bless'd mulberry !

Matchless was he

Who painted thee,

And thou like him immortal shalt be.

Garrick.

HUNTING SONG.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse, and hunting spear ;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
' Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountains gray,
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
' Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away,

We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot and tall of size,
 We can show the marks he made
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
 You shall see him brought to bay,
 ' Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder, chant the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay !
 Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
 Run a course as well as we :
 Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk ?
 Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay. *Anonymous.*

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning ;
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal,* light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder :
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.

* Loyal.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting* thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted :
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom, .
O ! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom !
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger ;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger.'

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever ;
Quo' she, ' A sodger ance I lo'ed,†
Forget him shall I never :
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.'

* To *tryste* is to make an appointment.

† Once I loved.

She gaz'd—she reddened like a rose—

Syne* pale like only lily ;

She sank within my arms, and cried,

' Art thou my ain dear Willie ?'

' By him who made yon sun and sky—

By whom true love's regarded,

I am the man : and thus may still

True lovers be rewarded !

' The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,

And find thee still true-hearted !

Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,

And mair we'se ne'er† be parted.'

Quo' she, ' My grandsire left me gowd,‡ ;

A mailen§ plenish'd fairly ;

And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,

'Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

' For gold the merchant ploughs the main,

The farmer ploughs the manor ;

But glory is the sodger's prize,

The sodger's wealth is honour ;

The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,

Nor count him as a stranger,

Remember he's his country's stay,

In day and hour of danger.

Burns.

LOGAN BRAES.

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide

'That day I was my Willie's bride ;

* Then.

† More we shall.

‡ Gold.

§ Farm.

And years sinsyne* hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun† face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers :
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy :
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the trush ;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return !
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie, hame to Logan braes !

Burns.

* Since then.

† Must.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierc'd my darling's heart :
 And with him all the joys are fled
 Life can to me impart.
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonour'd laid :
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravish'd young ;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.
 Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond I bare my breast,
 O, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest.

Burns.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled ;
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lour ;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward ! chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die:

Burns.



STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the Heavens deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend!

Burns.

SONNET, WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY, 1793,
 THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A
 THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
 See aged Winter, mid his surly reign,
 At thy blythe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
 Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
 Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
 Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, author of this opening day!
 Thou whose bright Sun now gilds yon orient
 skies!

Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
 What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
 The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with
 thee I'll share.

Burns.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May ;
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican :
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or, her well-deservings known ?
Make me quite forget mine own ?
Be she with that goodness bless'd,
Which may merit name of best ;
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die ?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find.

Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo ;
And, unless that mind I see,
What càre I how great she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;
If she love me, this believe ;
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go :
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

Withe.

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

TELL me not of joy ! there's none,
Now my little sparrow's gone :
He, just as you,
Would sigh and woo,
He would chirp and flatter me ;
He would hang the wing a while,
Till at length he saw me smile,
Lord ! how sullen he would be !

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go again ;
He from my lip
Would moisture sip,
He would from my trencher feed ;
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry *Philip* when he'd done ;
Oh ! whose heart can choose but bleed ?

Oh ! how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt though he did bite,
 No morn did pass,
 But on my glass
He would sit, and mark, and do
 What I did ; now ruffle all
 His feathers o'er, now let them fall,
And then straightway sleek them too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now, to pierce our hearts ?
 A wound he may,
 Not love, convey,
Now this faithful bird is gone.
 Oh ! let mournful turtles join
 With loving redbreasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone. *Cartwright.*

SONNET, SUNG BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

My golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,
(O time too swift, and swiftness never ceasing)
My youth'gainstage, and age at youth hath spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain ; youth waneth by increasing ;
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers that fading
 been,
Duty, faith, love, are roots and ever green.
My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lover's songs shall turn to holy psalms ;
A man at arms must now sit on his knees,
And feed on prayers that are old age's alms :

And though from court to cottage I depart,
My saint is sure of mine unspotted heart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I'll teach my swains this carrol for a song :
Bless'd be the hearts that think my sovereign well,
Curs'd be the souls that think to do her wrong.
Goddess, vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.
Ascribed to the Earl of Essex.

SONNET.

THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own ;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's
throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve !
O how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flowers un-
fold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath ?
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights ;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.
Drummond.

SONNET.

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides which on your temples flow ;
Nor temples, spread with flakes of virgin snow ;
Nor snow of cheeks, with Tyrian grain enroll'd :
Trust not those shining lights, which wrought my
wo,
When first I did their burning rays behold ;
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do
show,
Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes.
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
Shall once (ah me !) not spare that spring of yours.
Drummond.

SONNET.

LOOK how the flower, which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice, which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head ;
Right so my life (contentments being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen)
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim therefore whom the night
By darkness would imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright,
Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day :

Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

Drummond.

SONNET.

ON this fair volume which we world do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,
Find out his power, which wildest powers doth
His providence, extending every where, [tame,
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same :
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleas'd with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold
Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;
Or if by chance we stay our minds on ought,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

Drummond.

SONNET TO TWILIGHT.

MEEK twilight ! haste to shroud the solar ray,
And bring the hour my pensive spirit loves ;
When o'er the hill is shed a paler day,
That gives to stillness, and to night, the groves.
Ah ! let the gay the roseate morning hail,
When, in the various blooms of light array'd,
She bids fresh beauty live along the vale,
And rapture tremble in the vocal shade :

Sweet is the lucid morning's op'ning flow'r,
Her coral melodies benignly rise ;
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
At which her blossoms close, her music dies :
For then mild nature, while she droops her head,
Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed.

Miss Williams.

SONNET TO HOPE.

O, EVER skill'd to wear the form we love !
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,
Come, gentle Hope ! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart ;
Thy voice, benign enchantress ! let me hear ;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom !
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.—
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye !
O strew no more, sweet flatterer ! on my way
'The flow'rs I fondly thought too bright to die.
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest !

Miss Williams.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the silver bow ! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.

And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
 Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
 And oft I think, fair planet of the night!
 That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;
 The sufferers of the Earth perhaps may go,
 Relcas'd by death, to thy benignant sphere;
 And the sad children of despair and wo
 Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
 O! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
 Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene!

Charlotte Smith.

SONNET ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu!
 Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
 Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
 And pour thy music on the 'night's dull ear.'
 Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
 Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
 The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
 And still protect the song she loves so well.
 With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide,
 Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest,
 And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
 The gentle bird, who sings of pity best:
 For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
 And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

Charlotte Smith.

SONNET WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flow'r which she has nurs'd in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and hare-bell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.—
Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flow'rs shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness—no second spring?

Charlotte Smith.

SONNET, SHOULD THE LONE WANDERER.

SHOULD the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours, [lay,
And though his path through thorns and roughness
Pluck the wild rose, or woodbine's gadding flow'rs,
Weaving gay wreaths, beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow, he awhile may lose;
So have I sought thy flow'rs, fair Poesy!
So charm'd my way with Friendship and the Muse.
But darker grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come:
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb;

And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.
Charlotte Smith.

SONNET TO NIGHT.

I LOVE thee, mournful sober-suited night,
When the faint Moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, th' enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell th' embosom'd grief, however vain,
To sullen surges and the viewless wind :
Though no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee, cheerless as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom th' exhausted heart
Is calm, though wretched ; hopeless, yet resign'd :
While to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
May reach—though lost on Earth—the ear of
Heaven ! *Charlotte Smith.*

SONNET TO TRANQUILLITY.

IN this tumultuous sphere, for thee unfit,
How seldom art thou found—Tranquillity !
Unless 'tis when with mild and downcast eye
By the low cradles thou delight'st to sit
Of sleeping infants, watching the soft breath,
And bidding the sweet slumberers easy lie,
Or sometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,
Where the poor languid sufferer hopes to die.

O beauteous sister of the halcyon peace !
I sure shall find thee in that heavenly scene
Where care and anguish shall their power resign ;
Where hope alike, and vain regret shall cease ;
And Memory, lost in happiness serene,
Repeat no more—that misery has been mine !

Charlotte Smith.

SONNET, WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD AT
MIDDLETON IN SUSSEX.

PRESS'D by the Moon, mute arbitress of tides,
While the loud equinox its power combines,
The sea no more its swelling surge confines,
But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides.
The wild blast, rising from the western cave,
Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed ;
Tears from their grassy tombs the village dead,
And breaks the silent sabbath of the grave !
With shells and sea-weed mingled, on the shore,
Lo ! their bones whiten in the frequent wave ;
But vain to them the winds and waters rave ;
They hear the warring elements no more :
While I am doom'd, by life's long storm oppress'd,
To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

Charlotte Smith.

SONNET WRITTEN AT PENTHURST, IN AUTUMN,
1788.

YE tow'rs sublime, deserted now and drear,
Ye woods, deep sighing to the hollow blast,
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While history points to all your glories past :

And startling from their haunts the timid deer,
 To trace the walks obscur'd by matted fern,
 Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear,
 But where now clamours the discordant hern !
 The spoiling hand of time may overturn
 These lofty battlements, and quite deface
 The fading canvass whence we love to learn
 Sydney's keen look, and Sacharissa's grace ;
 But fame and beauty, still defy decay,
 Sav'd by th' historic page, the poet's tender lay !
Charlotte Smith.

SONNET.

WHOSE was that gentle voice, that whispering
 sweet,
 Promis'd, methought, long days of bliss sincere ?
 Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
 Most like soft music that might sometimes cheat
 Thoughts dark and drooping. 'Twas the voice of
 Hope.
 Of love and social scenes it seem'd to speak,
 Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek ;
 That hand in hand along life's downward slope
 Might walk with peace, and cheer the tranquil
 hours :
 Ah me ! the prospect sadden'd as she sung ;
 Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung :
 Chill darkness wrapp'd the pleasurable bowers
 She built—whilst pointing to yon breathless clay,
 She cried, ' No peace be thine : away, away !'
Bowles.

SONNET.

O TIME, thou know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceiv'd away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on ev'ry sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird at day's departing hour
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful though its wings are wet the while:
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone a cure!

Bowles.

END OF BOOK IX.

CONTENTS.

BOOK X.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS.

	Page
A FAIRY Tale - - -	<i>Parnell.</i> 145
The Fairy's Farewell - - -	<i>Corbet.</i> 152
The Frolicsome Duke - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i> 154
The Angler - - -	<i>C. Cotton.</i> 157
The Fisherman - - -	<i>King.</i> 161
The Merry Andrew - - -	<i>Prior.</i> 162
The Town and Country Mice - - -	<i>Pope.</i> 163
The Play-house - - -	<i>Addison.</i> 165
The Pig - - -	<i>Smart.</i> 169
The Picture - - -	<i>Cunningham.</i> 171
The Monkeys. A Tale - - -	<i>Merrick.</i> 172
The Extent of Cookery - - -	<i>Shenstone.</i> 174
The Ceremonial - - -	<i>Shenstone.</i> ib.
The Despairing Lover - - -	<i>Walsh.</i> 175
Mary the Cookmaid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan -	<i>Swift.</i> 176
The Well of St. Keyne - - -	<i>Anonymous.</i> 179
The Female Coterie - - -	<i>Swift.</i> 181
The Female Drum - - -	<i>Rev. Mr. Harvey.</i> 184
The Friseur - - -	<i>Anstie.</i> 187
The Old Cheese - - -	<i>King.</i> 188
The Choice of a Wife by Cheese -	<i>Captain Thompson.</i> 191
Mutual Forbearance necessary, &c. -	<i>Cowper.</i> 192
Dr. Delany's Villa - - -	<i>Swift.</i> 194
A true and faithful Inventory of Goods, &c. -	<i>Swift.</i> 196
Description of an Author's Bedchamber -	<i>Goldsmith.</i> 197
Address to his Elbow-chair - - -	<i>Spmerville.</i> 198

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Phæton and One-horse Chair -	<i>T. Warton.</i> 199
The Progress of Discontent -	<i>T. Warton.</i> 202
The diverting History of John Gilpin -	<i>Cowper.</i> 206
The Yearly Distress -	<i>Cowper.</i> 215
Report of an adjudged Case -	<i>Cowper.</i> 218
The Oyster -	<i>Somerville.</i> 219
The Milkmaid -	<i>Lloyd.</i> 221
The Pond -	<i>Byrom.</i> 223
The Nimmers -	<i>Byrom.</i> 226
The Country Bumpkin and Razor-seller	<i>Wolcott.</i> 228
The Trumpeter -	<i>Mrs. Robinson.</i> 230
Old Bernard -	<i>Mrs. Robinson.</i> 235
Baucis and Philemon -	<i>Swift.</i> 239
Unanswerable Apology for the Rich	<i>Mary Barber.</i> 244
The Old Gentry -	<i>Prior.</i> 245
Jack and Joan : an Epitaph -	<i>Prior.</i> 246
The Three Warnings -	<i>Mrs. Thrale.</i> 248
An Elegy on the Death of Demar the Usurer	<i>Swift.</i> 251
An Elegy on the Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize	<i>Goldsmith</i> 253
Description of London -	<i>John Bancks.</i> 254
The Dropsical Man -	<i>Taylor.</i> 255
The Brewer's Coachman -	<i>Taylor.</i> 256
Quod Petis, hic est ; or the Tankard -	<i>Anonymous.</i> 256
Politeness ; or the Cat-o-nine-tails	<i>Anonymous</i> 257
The Bramble -	<i>Bishop.</i> 263
The Horn-book -	<i>Tickell.</i> 266
The Book-worm -	<i>Parnell.</i> 270
On an Inkglass almost dried in the Sun -	<i>Cowper.</i> 273
The Haunch of Venison -	<i>Goldsmith.</i> 274
Retaliation -	<i>Goldsmith.</i> 278

ELEGANT EXTRACTS
 FROM THE
 MOST EMINENT
 BRITISH POETS;
 BOOK THE TENTH
 SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS.



Drawn by T. Stothard, R.A.

*There in a lonely Room from builded sleep,
 The Muse round Scroggin stretch'd beneath a rug;
 page 297.*

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

FROM THE
MOST EMINENT POETS.

BOOK X.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies danc'd the maze,
 Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote will be said
To measure height against his head,
 And lift itself above;
Yet spite of all that nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
 This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
 Could ladies look within ;
But one sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
 He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
 All in the moony light ;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
 To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
 That reach'd the neighbour-town ;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
 And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
 And, trembling, rocks the ground :
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
 On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
 And now the sounds increase :
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
 Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masking half so neat,
Or half so rich before ;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant dress'd
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cried,
' What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide ?

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open sight ;
' Nor have I cause of dread,' he said,
' Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

' 'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew.'

' 'Tis well,' the gallant cries again,
' We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

' Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign :
Now take the pleasure of thy chance ;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine.'

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air ;
The monarch leads the queen :
The rest their fairy partners found ;
And Mable trimly tripp'd the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing pass'd, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire ,
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feasts devise ;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has hent him up aloof ;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, ' Reverse my charm,' he cries,
And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown :'
But Oberon answers, with a smile,
' Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own.'

Here ended all the phantom play ;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow ;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die ;
Poor Edwin falls to floor ;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in sike a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less ;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Han rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind ;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene ;
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome,
All on the gloomy plain.

As, there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
 A shaking seiz'd the wall ;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
 And music fills the hall.

But, certes, sorely sunk with wo
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
 His spirits in him die :
When Oberon cries, ' A man is near,
A moral passion, cleped fear,
 Hangs flagging in the sky.'

With that sir Topaz, hapless youth !
In accents faltering, ay, for ruth,
 Intreats them pity graunt ;
' For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
 To tread the circled haunt.'

' Ah, losell, vile !' at once they roar ;
' And little skill'd of fairie lore,
 Thy cause to come, we know :
Now has thy kestrell courage fell ;
And fairies, since a lie you tell,
 Are free to work thee wo.'

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
 The caitive upward flung ;
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber-top,
 Where whilom Edwin hung.

The revel now proceed apace,
 Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
 They sit, they drink, and eat :
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,
 And poor sir Topaz hangs the while
 Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
 They shrink, they fly, the tapers sink,
 And down ydrops the knight :
 For never spell, by fairie laid,
 With strong enchantment bound a glade,
 Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
 Till up the welking rose the day,
 Then deem'd the dole was o'er :
 But wot ye well his harder lot ?
 His seely back the bunch had got
 Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a sybil nurse ared ;
 She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
 And when the tale was done,
 ' Thus some are born, my son,' she cries,
 ' With base impediments to rise,
 And some are born with none.

' But virtue can itself advance
 To what the favourite fools of chance
 By fortune seem'd design'd ;
 Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
 And from itself shake off the weight
 Upon th' unworthy mind.'

Parnell.

THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, rewards and fairies !

Good housewives now may say ;

For now foul sluts in dairies

Do fare as well as they ;

And though they sweep their hearths no less

Than maids were wont to do,

Yet who of late for cleanliness

Finds sixpence in her shoe ?

Lament, lament, old abbies,

The fairies' lost command !

They did but change priests' babies,

But some have chang'd your land :

And all your children stol'n from thence

Are now grown Puritans,

Who live as changelings ever since,

For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both

You merry were and glad,

So little care of sleep and sloth

These pretty ladies had.

When Tom came home from labour,

Or Ciss to milking rose,

Then merrily went their tabour,

And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays

Of theirs, which yet remain,

Were footed in queen Mary's days

On many a grassy plain.

But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in ;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time had been.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession ;
Their songs were Ave Marias,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas ! they are all dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or further for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure ;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure :
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such black and blue :
O how the common wealth doth need
Such justices as you !

Now they have left our quarters ;
A registrar they have,
Who can preserve their charters ;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meal can mend your cheer
With tales both old and true ;

To William all give audience,
And pray ye for his noddle ;
For all the fairy's evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

Corbet.

THE FROLICSOME DUKE.*

Now as Fame does report, a young duke keeps
a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicsome sport :
But among all the rest, here is one, I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the
true jest.
A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swoond.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and
Ben,
' Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with
him then.'
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon con-
vey'd
To the palace, although he was poorly array'd :
Then they stripp'd off his clothes, both his shirt,
shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over dirt,
They did give him clean holland, which was no
great hurt :

* The story is told of Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy.

On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his
crown.

In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and 'squires they on him did
wait ;

And the chamberlain bare then did likewise de-
clare,

He desired to know what apparel he'd wear :
The poor tinker, amaz'd on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to his honour was rais'd.

Though he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a
rich suit,

Which he straightways put on without longer dis-
pute ;

With a star on each side, which the tinker oft eyed,
And it seem'd for to swell him no little with pride ;
For he saip to himself, ' Where is Joan, my sweet
wife ?

Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.'

From a convenient place the right duke his good
grace

Did observe his behaviour in every case.

To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him ; thought he, This
is great :

Where an hour or two pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and 'squires in scarlet and blue.

A fine dinner was dress'd, both for him and his
guests ;

He was placed at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair or bed, lined with fine crimson
red,

With a rich golden canopy over his head :
As he sat at his meat the music play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing, his joys to complete.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary and sherry, and tent superfine.

Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roll
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping
did snore,

Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him,
amain,

And restore him his old leather garments again.

'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it
they must,

And they carried him straight where they found
him at first ;

Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he
might ;

But when he did waken his joys took their flight.

For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream ;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where
he sought

For a pardon, as fearing he'd set him at nought ;

But his highness he said, 'Thou'rt a jolly bold
blade,

Such a frolic before I think never was play'd.'

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and
cloak

Which he gave for the sake of this frolicsome joke ;
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of
ground:

'Thou shalt never,' said he, 'range the countries
round,

Crying, Old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good
friend,

Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my dutchess
attend.'

Then the tinker replied, 'What! must Joan, my
sweet bride,

Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride?

Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?

Then I shall be a squire, I well understand:

Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I
embrace ;

I was never before in so happy a case.'

Anonymous.

THE ANGLER.

AWAY to the brook,

All your tackle out look,

Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing ;

See that all things be right,

For 'tis a very spite

To want tools when a man goes a fishing.

Your rod with tops two,
For the same will not do
If your manner of angling you vary ;
And full well you may think,
If you troll with a pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

Then basket, neat made
By a master in's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle ;
For none e'er was so vain
To wear this to disdain,
Who a true brother was of the angle.

Next, pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a mail,
With wax, cruels, silks, hair, furs, and feathers,
To make several flies
For the several skies,
That shall kill in despite of all weathers.

The boxes and books
For your lines and your hooks,
And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,
Your scissors, and your hone
To adjust your points on,
With a net to be sure for your landing.

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
Down, and upward, that all may have pleasure :
Till, here meeting at night,
We shall have the delight
To discourse of our fortunes at leisure.

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
And all nature does seem to invite us ;
We have all things at will
For to second our skill,
As they all did conspire to delight us.

Or stream now, or still,
A large panier will fill,
Trout and grailing to rise are so willing ;
I dare venture to say
'Twill be a bloody day,
And we all shall be weary of killing.

Away then, away,
We lose sport by delay,
But first leave all our sorrows behind us ;
If Misfortune do come,
We are all gone from home,
And a fishing she never can find us.

The angler is free
From the cares that degree
Finds itself with so often tormented ;
And although we should slay
Each a hundred to-day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented

And though we display
All our arts to betray
What were made for man's pleasure and diet ;
Yet both princes and states
May, for all our quaint bates,
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living ;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

Whilst quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit,
Acquiescing with hearty submission ;
For, though simple, we know
That soft murmurs will grow
At the last unto downright sedition.

We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise,
That an angler t' a fool is next neighbour ;
Let him prate, what care we ?
We're as honest as he,
And so let him take that for his labour.

We covet no wealth
But the blessing of health,
And that greater good conscience within ;
Such devotion we bring
To our God and our king,
That from either no offers can win.

Whilst we sit and fish
We do pray as we wish,
For long life to our king James the Second ;
Honest anglers then may,
Or they've very foul play,
With the best of good subjects be reckon'd.

C. Cotton.

THE FISHERMAN.

Tom Banks by native industry was taught
The various arts how fishes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and single hair,
And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcast eyes,
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in rivulet quick, and water clear,
They'd meet a fate more generous from his spear.
To basket oft he'd pliant oziars turn,
Where they might entrance find, but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he'd sometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below :
But, when he would a quick destruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take,
He'd through the stream, where most descending,
set

From side to side his strong capacious net ;
And then his rustic crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,
And so pursue them down the rolling flood,
Gasping for breath, and almost chok'd with mud,
Till they, of further passage quite bereft,
Were in the mash, with gills entangled, left.

Trot, who liv'd down the stream, ne'er thought
his beer

Was good, unless he had his water clear.

He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale ;

‘ Lord ! if you knew but how the people rail !

They cannot boil, nor wash, nor rinse, they say,
With watersometimes ink, and sometimes whey,
According as you meet with mud or clay.

Besides, my wife these six months could not brew,
And now the blame of this all's laid on you :
For it will be a dismal thing to think
How we old 'Trot must live, and have no drink.
Therefore, I pray, some other method take
Of fishing, were it only for our sake.'

Says Banks, 'I'm sorry it should be my lot
Ever to disoblige my gossip Trot :
Yet 't'en't my fault ! but so 'tis fortune tries one,
To make his meat become his neighbour's poison ;
And so we pray for winds upon this coast,
By which on t'other navies may be lost.
Therefore in patience rest, though I proceed :
There's no ill nature in the case but need.
Though for your use this water will not serve,
I'd rather you should choke, than I should starve.
King.

THE MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair ;
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,
So pceevish was the edict of the may'r) }
At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he show'd,
To please our masters, and his friends the crowd,
A huge neat's tongue he in his right hand held,
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage :
'Why, how now, Andrew!' cries his brother droll,
'To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull.

Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain
What does your emblematic worship mean ?
Quoth Andrew ' Honest English let us speak ;
Your emble—(what d'ye call't ?) is heathen Greek.
To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence ;
Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
That busy fool I was which thou art now,
Desirous to correct, not knowing how ;
With very good design, but little wit,
Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit :
I for this conduct had what I deserv'd,
And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
But thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat,
Since I have found the secret to be great.'
' O dearest Andrew,' says the humble droll,
' Henceforth may I obey, and thou control ;
Provided thou impart thy useful skill.'—
' Bow then,' says Andrew, ' and, for once, I will.—
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says ;
Sleep very much ; think little, and talk less :
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
But eat your pudding, slave ; and hold your tongue.'
A reverend prelate stopp'd his coach-and-six,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks ;
But when he heard him give this golden rule,
' Drive on,' he cried, ' this fellow is no fool.'
Prior.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

ONCE on a time, so runs the fable,
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord,

A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute*,
He brought him bacon, nothing lean,
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean ;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake ;
Yet, to his guest, though no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit ;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, ' I vow you're mighty neat.
But, Lord, my friend, this savage scene !
For God's sake, come, and live with men :
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I :
Then spend your life in joy and sport ;
This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court.'

The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn ;
'Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late.

Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might show it ;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls ;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors :
But let it, in a word, be said,
The Moon was up and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red :

}

The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, *tête à tête*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
' *Que ça est bon ! Ah goûter ça !*
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.'
Was ever such a happy swain ?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
' I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good.
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live.'
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all :
' A rat, a rat ! clap to the door—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice !
' An't please your honour,' quoth the peasant,
' This same dessert is not so pleasant :
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty.'

Pope.

THE PLAY-HOUSE.

WHERE gentle Thames through stately channels
glides,
And England's proud metropolis divides ;
A lofty fabric does the sight invade,
And stretches o'er the waves a pompous shade ;

Whence sudden shouts the neighbourhood surprise,
And thundering claps and dreadful hissings rise.

Here thrifty R——* hires monarchs by the day,
And keeps his mercenary kings in pay ;
With deep-mouth'd actors fills the vacant scenes,
And rakes the stews for goddesses and queens.
Here the lewd punk, with crowns and sceptres
 grac'd,

Teaches her eyes a more majestic cast ;
And hungry monarchs, with a numerous train
Of suppliant slaves, like Sancho, starve and reign.

But enter in, my muse ; the stage survey,
And all its pomp and pageantry display ;
Trap-doors and pit-falls, from th' unfaithful ground,
And magic walls encompass it around :

On either side maim'd temples fill our eyes,
And, intermix'd with brothel-houses, rise ;
Disjointed palaces in order stand,

And groves, obedient to the mover's hand,
O'er-shade the stage, and flourish at command. }

A stamp makes broken towns and trees entire :

So when Amphion struck the vocal lyre,

He saw the spacious circuit all around

With crowding woods and rising cities crown'd.

But next the tiring-room survey, and see

False titles, and promiscuous quality,

Confus'dly swarm, from heroes and from queens,

To those that swing in clouds and fill machines.

Their various characters they choose with art,

The frowning bully fits the tyrant's part:

Swoln cheeks and swaggering belly make an host ;

Pale meagre looks and hollow voice, a ghost !

* Probably Rich.

From careful brows and heavy downcast eyes,
Dull cits and thick-skull'd aldermen arise ;
The comic tone, inspir'd by Congreve, draws
At every word loud laughter and applause :
The whining dame continues as before,
Her character unchang'd, and acts a whore.

Above the rest, the prince with haughty stalks
Magnificent in purple buskins walks :
The royal robes his awful shoulders grace ;
Profuse of spangles and of copper lace :
Officious rascals to his mighty thigh,
Guiltless of blood, th' unpointed weapon tie :
Then the gay glittering diadem put on,
Pond'rous with brass, and starr'd with Bristol stone.
His royal consort next consults her glass,
And out of twenty boxes culls a face ;
The whitening first her ghastly looks besmears,
All pale and wan th' unfinish'd form appears ;
Till on her cheeks the blushing purple glows,
And a false virgin-modesty bestows.
Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes ;
Length to her brows the pencil's art supplies,
And with black bending arches shades her eyes. }
Well pleas'd at length, the picture she beholds,
And spots it o'er with artificial molds ;
Her countenance complete, the beaux she warms
With looks not her's ; and, spite of nature, charms.

Thus artfully their persons they disguise,
Till the last flourish bids the curtain rise.
The prince then enters on the stage in state ;
Behind, a guard of candle-snuffers wait :
'There, swoln with empire, terrible and fierce,
He shakes the dome, and tears his lungs with verse :

His subjects tremble ; the submissive pit,
Wrapt up in silence and attention, sit :
Till, freed at length, he lays aside the weight
Of public business and affairs of state ;
Forgets his pomp, dead to ambition's fires,
And to some peaceful brandy-shop retires ;
Where, in full gills, his anxious thoughts he drowns,
And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns.

The princess next her painted charms displays,
Where every look the pencil's art betrays ;
The callow 'squire at distance feeds his eyes,
And silently, for paint and washes, dies.
But if the youth behind the scenes retreat,
He sees the blended colours melt with heat,
And all the trickling beauty run in sweat.
The borrow'd visage he admires no more,
And nauseates every charm he lov'd before :
So the fam'd spear, for double force renown'd,
Applied the remedy that gave the wound.

In tedious lists 'twere endless to engage,
And draw at length the rabble of the stage ;
Where one for twenty years has given alarms,
And call'd contending monarchs to their arms ;
Another fills a more important post,
And rises, every other night, a ghost ;
Through the cleft stage his mealy face he rears,
Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears ;
Others, with swords and shields, the soldier's
pride,
More than a thousand times have chang'd their
side,
And in a thousand fatal battles died.

Thus several persons, several parts perform ;
Soft lovers whine, and blushing heroes storm :

The stern exasperated tyrants rage,
Till the kind bowl of poison clears the stage.
Then honours vanish, and distinctions cease,
Then, with reluctance, haughty queens undress ;
Heroes no more their fading laurels boast,
And mighty kings in private men are lost.
He, whom such titles swell'd, such power made
proud,
To whom whole realms and vanquish'd nations
bow'd,
Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,
And in his own vile tatters stinks again.

Addison.

THE FIG.

In every age, and each profession,
Men err the most by prepossession ;
But when the thing is clearly shown,
And fairly stated, fully known,
We soon applaud what we deride,
And penitence succeeds to pride.—

A certain baron on a day,
Having a mind to show away,
Invited all the wits and wags,
Foot, Massey, Shuter, Yates, and Skeggs,
And built a large commodious stage,
For the choice spirits of the age ;
But above all, among the rest,
There came a genius who profess'd
To have a curious trick in store,
Which never was perform'd before.

Through all the town this soon got air,
And the whole house was like a fair ;
But soon his entry as he made,
Without a prompter or parade,
'Twas all expectance, all suspense,
And silence gagg'd the audience.
He hid his head behind his wig,
And with such truth took off a pig,
All swore 'twas serious, and no joke ;
For doubtless underneath his cloak
He had conceal'd some grunting elf,
Or was a real hog himself.

A search was made, no pig was found—
With thundering claps the seats resound,
And pit, and box, and galleries roar,
With—' O rare ! bravo !' and ' encore !'

Old Roger Grouse, a country clown,
Who yet knew something of the town,
Beheld the mimic and his whim,
And on the morrow challeng'd him,
Declaring to each beau and bunter,
That he'd out-grunt th' egregious grunter.
The morrow came—the crowd was greater—
But prejudice and rank ill-nature
Usurp'd the minds of men and wenches,
Who came to hiss and break the benches.
The mimic took his usual station,
And squeak'd with general approbation.
Again, ' encore ! encore !' they cry—
'Twas quite the thing—'twas very high.
Old Grouse conceal'd amidst the racket,
A real pig beneath his jacket—
Then forth he came—and with his nail
He pinch'd the urchin by the tail.—

The tortur'd pig from out his throat
Produc'd the genuine natural note.
All bellow'd out—'twas very sad !
Sure never stuff was half so bad !
' That like a pig !—each cried in scoff—
' Pshaw ! nonsense ! blockhead ! off ! off ! off !'
The mimic was extoll'd, and Grouse—
Was hiss'd, and catcall'd from the house—
' Soft ye, a word before I go,'
Quoth honest Hodge—and stooping low
Produc'd the pig, and thus aloud
Bespoke the stupid, partial crowd :
' Behold, and learn from this poor creature,
How much you critics know of nature.

Smgrt.

THE PICTURE.

A PORTRAIT, at my lord's command,
Completed by a curious hand :
For dabblers in the nice vertu
His lordship set the piece to view,
Bidding the connoisseurships tell,
Whether the work was finish'd well.
' Why,' says the loudest, ' on my word,
'Tis not a likeness, good my lord ;
Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,
Can I pronounce one feature just.'
Another effort straight was made,
Another portraiture essay'd ;
The judges were again besought,
Each to deliver what he thought.

‘ Worse than the first’—the critics bawl ;
‘ O what a mouth ! how monstrous small !
Look at the cheeks, how lank and thin !
See, what a most preposterous chin !
After remonstrance made in vain,
‘ I’ll,’ says the painter, ‘ once again,
If my good lord vouchsafes to sit,
Try for a more successful hit !
If you’ll to-morrow deign to call,
We’ll have a piece to please you all.’
To-morrow comes—a picture’s plac’d
Before those spurious sons of taste——
In their opinions all agree,
This is the vilest of the three.
‘ Know—to confute your envious pride,’
His lordship from the canvass cried
‘ Know—that it is my real face,
Where you could no resemblance trace :
I’ve tried you by a lucky trick,
And prov’d your genius to the quick.
Void of all judgment, justice, sense,
Out—ye pretending varlets—hence.’

The connoisseurs depart in haste,
Despis’d—detected—and disgrac’d.

Cunningham.

THE MONKIES : A TALE.

WHOE’ER, with curious eye, has rang’d
Through Ovid’s tales, has seen,
How Jove, incens’d, to monkies chang’d
A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon th' offending race
Entreat the injur'd power,
To give them back the human face,
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their prayer;
But t'other half he bade the wind
Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer given the nod,
That shook the vaulted skies,
With haughtier air the creatures strode,
And stretch'd their dwindl'd size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now
Around their temples spread;
The tail, that whilom hung below,
Now dangel'd from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
Nor alter'd much the face;
It still retains its native grin,
And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd and half the same,
Jove bade them take their place,
(Restoring them their ancient claim)
Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
Nor would a name bestow;
But woman lik'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a beau.

Merrick.

THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore,
Read much, and look'd as though hé meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
His resolution flag,
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards;
But gets into the house,
And soon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye bobs ! ye bags ! give place ;
Full bottoms come instead :
Good Lord ! to see the various ways
Of dressing a calf's head ! *Shenstone.*

THE CEREMONIAL.

' Sir will you please to walk before ?'
' —No, pray, sir—you are next the door.'
' —Upon mine honour I'll not stir—'
' Sir, I'm at home ; consider, sir—'
' Excuse me, sir ; I'll not go first,'
' Well, if I must be rude, I must—
But yet I wish I could evade it—
'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded—'

Go forward, cits ! go forward, 'squires !
 Nor scruple each what each admires.
 Life squares not, friends ! with your proceeding,
 It flies while you display your breeding ;
 Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
 Or some old dancing-master teaches.
 O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
 Half crazy, or at least, half mellow,
 To come behind you unawares,
 And fairly push you both down stairs !
 But Death's at hand—let me advise ye,
 Go forward, friends ! or he'll surprise ye.

Besides, how insincere you are !
 Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,
 And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
 And all for this—to lead the way ?

Shenstone.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care
 For Phyllis the fair,
 Since nothing could move her,
 Poor Damon, her lover,
 Resolves in despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much anguish ;
 But mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes,
 Where a leap from above
 Would soon finish his woes
 When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
 The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep ;

His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set ;
And, that he could die
Whenever he would,
But, that he could live
But as long as he could :
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

Walsh.

MARY THE COOKMAID'S LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my
mother bound my head !

You a gentleman ! marry come up ! I wonder
where you were bred.

I'm sure such words do not become a man of
your cloth :

I would not give such language to a dog, faith
and troth.

Yes, you call'd my master a knave : fie, Mr. She-
ridan, 'tis a shame

For a parson, who should know better things, to
come out with such a name.

Knave, in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan ! 'tis both a
shame and a sin ;

And the dean, my master, is an honestest man
than you and all your kin ;

He has more goodness in his little finger than you
have in your whole body ;

My master is a personable man, and not a
spindle shank'd hoddie-doddy.

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an
excuse, [goose ;

Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four
years since October,

And he never call'd me worse than sweetheart,
drunk or sober :

Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd,
to my knowledge,

Though you and your come-rogues keep him out
so late in your college.

You say you will eat grass on his grave : a Chris-
tian eat grass !

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose
or an ass :

But that's as much as to say, that my master should
die before ye ;

Well, well, that's as God pleases ; and I don't be-
lieve that's a true story :

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
master, what care I ? [Mary.

And I so don't care who knows it ; 'tis all one to
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and
shame the devil ;

I am but a poor servant, but I think gentlefolks
should be civil :

Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day
that you was here ;

I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the
year ;

And Saunders the man says you are always jesting
and mocking :

‘ Mary,’ said he one day as I was mending my
master’s stocking,

‘ My master is so fond of that minister that keeps
the school—

I thought my master a wise man, but that man
makes him a fool.’

‘ Saunders,’ said I, ‘ I would rather than a quart
of ale

He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin
a dishelout to his tail.’

And now I must go and get Saunders to direct
this letter ;

For I write but a bad scrawl, but my sister Mar-
get she writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the bed, before
my master comes from pray’rs :

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming
up stairs ;

Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I
could write written hand :

And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to
command,

MARY.

Swift,

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west-country,
And a clearer one never was seen,
'There is not a wife in the west-country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,
Pleasant it was to his eye;
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town,
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

'Now art thou a batch'lor, stranger?' quoth he:
'For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

'Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.'

‘I have left a good woman who never was here,
The stranger made reply ;
‘But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer why.’

‘St. Keyne, quoth the countryman, ‘many a time,
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summon’d her,
She laid on the water a spell.

‘If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

‘But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then !’
The stranger stoop’d to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

‘You drank of the well I warrant betimes ?’
He to the countryman said :
But the countryman smil’d as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

‘I hasten’d as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch :
But i’faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.’

[Anonymous.]

THE FEMALE COTERIE.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well
(As we shall show you in the sequel),
The modern dame is wak'd by noon
(Some authors say not quite so soon),
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at *quadrille*.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise ;
Of headach and the spleen complains ;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron water.
Then to her glass ; and ' Betty, pray
Don't I look frightfully to-day ?
But was it not confounded hard ?
Well, if I ever touch a card !
Four *mattadores* and lose *codill* !
Depend upon't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six.'
' Madam, the goldsmith waits below :
He says, his business is to know,
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn ?'—' Why show him up.'
' Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for int'rest *cent per cent*.
And, madam, there's my lady Spade
Hath sent this letter by her maid.'
' Well, I remember what she won ;
And hath she sent so soon to dun ?
Here carry down those ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals :

I thank my stars they all are right,
And I may have revenge to-night.
Now loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme ;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats :
' She slipp'd *spadillo* in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest :
There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign.'
Through ev'ry game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their ev'ning ale.

Now to another scene gives place :
Enter the folks with silks and lace :
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right India this, right Meehlin that :
' Observe this pattern ; there's a stuff ;
I can have customers enough.'
' Dear madam, you are grown so hard——
This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard.'
' Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan.'

This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four,
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, ' Madam, dinner stays :'
She answers, in her usual style,
' The cook must keep it back awhile :
I never can have time to dress :
No woman breathing takes up less :
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick ;
I wish the dinner at old Nick.'
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart :

‘ I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day——
But really ’tis my spouse’s way;
He’s so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends;
I wish ye may but have enough.’
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting ev’ry guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment’s rest,
In phrases batter’d, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit!

But let me now awhile survey
Our madam o’er her ev’ning tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
When, frightened at the clam’rous crew,
Away the god of silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty, with blushing face:
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide;
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter, seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket-glass,
And Impudence with front of brass;
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hov’ring o’er each female head.

Swift.

THE FEMALE DRUM: OR, THE ORIGIN OF CARDS.
A TALE.

* ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE MISS CARPENTER.

THOU, whom to counsel is to praise,
With candour view these friendly lays,
Nor, from the vice of gaming free,
Believe the satire points at thee :
Who truth and worth betimes canst prize,
Nor yet too sprightly to be wise ;
But hear this tale of ancient time,
Nor think it vain, though told in rhyme.

Elate with wide-extended pow'r,
Sworn rivals from the natal hour,
Av'rice and Sloth, with hostile art
Contented long for woman's heart ;
She, fond of wealth, afraid of toil,
Still shifted the capricious smile ;
By turns, to each the heart was sold,
Now bought with ease, and now with gold ;
Scarce either grasp the sov'reign sway,
When chance revers'd the prosp'rous day.
The doubtful strife was still renew'd,
Each baffled oft, but ne'er subdu'd ;
When Av'rice show'd the glittering prize,
And hopes and fears began to rise,
Sloth shed on every busy sense
The gentle balm of indolence.
When Sloth had screen'd, with artful night,
The soft pavilion of delight ;
Stern Av'rice, with reproachful frown,
Would scatter thorns amongst her down.

Thus each by turns the realm controll'd,
Which each in turn despair'd to hold ;

At length unable to contend,
They join to choose a common friend,
To close in love the long debate,
Such love, as mutual fears create ;
A friend they chose, a friend to both,
Of Av'rice born, and nurs'd by Sloth ;
An artful nymph, whose reign began
When Wisdom ceas'd to dwell with man ;
In Wisdom's awful robes array'd,
She rules o'er politics and trade ;
And by the name of Cunning known,
Makes wealth, and fame, and pow'r her own.

In quest of Cunning then they rove
O'er all the windings of the grove,
Where twining boughs their shade unite,
For Cunning ever flies the light ;
At length through maze perplex'd with maze,
Through tracts confus'd, and private ways,
With sinking hearts and weary feet,
They gain their fav'rite's dark retreat ;
There, watchful at the gate, they find
Suspicion, with her eyes behind ;
And wild Alarm, awaking, blows
The trump that shakes the world's repose.

The guests well known, salute the guard,
The hundred gates are soon unbarr'd ;
Through half the gloomy cave they press,
And reach the wily queen's recess ;
The wily queen disturb'd they view,
With schemes to fly, though none pursue ;
And, in perpetual care to hide,
What none will ever seek, employ'd.

‘ Great queen,’ they pray’d, ‘ our feuds compose,
And let us never more be foes.’

'This hour,' she cries, 'your discord ends,
'Henceforth, be Sloth and Av'rice friends;
Henceforth, with equal pride, prepare
To rule at once the captive fair.'

Th' attentive pow'rs in silence heard,
Nor utter'd what they hop'd or fear'd,
But search in vain the dark decree,
For Cunning loves obscurity;
Nor would she soon her laws explain,
For Cunning ever joys to pain.

She then before their wond'ring eyes,
Bid piles of painted paper rise;
'Search now these heaps,' she cries, 'here find
Fit emblem of your pow'r combin'd.'
The heap to Av'rice first she gave,
Who soon descried her darling knave:
And Sloth, ere envy long could sting,
With joyful eyes beheld a king.

'These gifts,' said Cunning, 'bear away,
Sure engines of despotic sway;
These charms dispense o'er all the ball,
Secure to rule where'er they fall.
The love of cards let Sloth infuse,
The love of money soon ensues;
The strong desire shall ne'er decay,
Who plays to win, shall win to play;
The breast, where love has plann'd his reign,
Shall burn, unquench'd, with lust of gain;
And all the charms that wit can boast,
In dreams of better luck be lost.'

Thus, neither innocent nor gay,
The useless hours shall fleet away,
While Time o'erlooks the trivial strife,
And, scoffing, shakes the sands of life;

Till the wan maid, whose early bloom
The vigils of quadrille consume ;
Exhausted, by the pangs of play,
To Sloth and Av'rice falls a prey.

Rev. Mr. Harvey.

THE FRISEUR.

THE fair Jezebella what art can adorn,
Whose cheeks are like roses, that blush in the morn ?
As bright were her locks as in Heaven are seen
Presented for stars by th' Egyptian queen ;
But alas ! the sweet nymph they no longer must
deck,
No more shall they flow o'er her ivory neck ;
Those tresses, which Venus might take as a favour,
Fall a victim at once to an outlandish shaver ;
Her head has he robb'd with as little remorse,
As a foxhunter crops both his dogs and his horse :
A wretch, that, so far from repenting his theft,
Makes a boast of tormenting the little that's left :
And first at her porcupine head he begins
To fumble and poke with his irons and pins,
Then fires all his crackers with horrid grimace,
And puffs his vile *rocambole* breath in her face,
Discharging a steam that the devil would choke,
From paper pomatum, from powder, and smoke.
The patient submits, and, with due resignation,
Prepares for her fate in the next operation.
When lo ! on a sudden, a monster appears,
A horrible monster, to cover her ears ;—
What sign of the zodiac is it he bears ?

Is it Taurus's tail, or the *tête de mouton*,
Or the *beard of the goat* that he dares to put on ?
'Tis a wig *en vergette*, that from Paris was brought, }
Une tête comme il faut, that the varlet has bought }
Of a beggar, whose head he has shav'd for a groat ; }
Now fix'd to her head, does he frizzle and dab it ;
'Tis a foretop no more.—'Tis the skin of a rabbit.—
'Tis a muff—'tis a thing, that by all is confess'd
Is in colour and shape like a chaffinch's nest.

O cease, ye fair virgins, such pains to employ,
The beauties of nature with paint to destroy ;
See Venus lament, see the Loves and the Graces,
All pine at the injury done to your faces !
Ye have eyes, lips, and nose, but your heads are no
more
Than a doll's, that is plac'd at a milliner's door.
Anstie.

THE OLD CHEESE.

YOUNG Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniences of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied :
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afraid.
This made censorious persons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own ;
For if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted ;

Yet still into his story she would break
With—' 'Tis not so ; pray give me leave to speak.'
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not diff'ring much from calling of him fool ;
Told him he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.

He said, ' That the next Tuesday-noon would
show

Whether he were the lord at home or no ;
When their good company he would entreat -
To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat.'

With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose ;
And prays dear Suky, that one day at least
He might appear as master of the feast.

' I'll grant your wish,' cries she, ' that you may
see

' Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me.'

The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bowsy farmer with his simp'ring dame.
' Ho, Sue !' cries Slouch, ' why dost not thou ap-
pear ?

Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is here !'
' I pardon ask,' says Sue : ' I'd not offend
Any my dear invites, much less his friend.'

Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying—' There was nothing fit to eat :
The boil'd pork stinks, the roast beef's not enough,
The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough ;
The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil ;
And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.
'Tis we are the first Slouches ever sat
Down to a pudding without plums or fat,

What teeth or stomach strong enough to feed
 Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed ?
 Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be dress'd,
 When there's so many squab ones in the nest ?
 This beer is sour ; 'tis musty, thick, and stale,
 And worse than any thing except the ale.'

Sue all this while many excuses made :
 Some things she own'd ; at other times she laid }
 The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.

Then cheese was brought. Says Slouch—' This
 e'en shall roll ;

I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl :
 This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go ;
 And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too.'
 But now Sue's patience did begin to waste ;
 Nor longer could dissimulation last.

' Pray let me rise,' says Sue. ' my dear ; I'll find
 A cheese perhaps may be to lovy's mind.'

Then in an entry standing close, where he
 Alone, and none of all his friends, might see ;
 And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
 And far enough, on this occasion, smelt—

' I'll try, my joy,' she cried, ' if I can please
 My dearest with a taste of his old cheese !'

Slouch turned his head, saw his wife's vigorous
 hand

Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
 Knew well the twang—' Is't the old cheese, my
 dear ?' }

' No need ; no need of cheese,' cries Slouch ;
 ' I'll swear ; }

I think I've din'd as well as my lord mayor.'

King.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE BY CHEESE.

THERE liv'd in York, an age ago,
A man whose name was Pimlico :
He lov'd three sisters passing well,
But which the best he could not tell.
These sisters three, divinely fair,
Show'd Pimlico their tenderest care :
For each was elegantly bred,
And all were much inclin'd to wed ;
And all made Pimlico their choice,
And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
Like ass divided 'tween the hay,
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
And choose his wife by eating cheese.
He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
And said with them that night he'd sup ;
Desir'd that there might only be
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three ;
He was resolv'd to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife.
The girls w're pleas'd at his conceit ;
Each dress'd herself divinely neat ;
With faces full of peace and plenty,
Blooming with roses under twenty.
For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
Were sweet as lilies of the valley !
But singly surely buxom Bet
Was like new hay and mignonet ;
But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
For that, of truth, was said of Nancy :
And as for Sal, she was a donna,
As fair as those of old Cretona

Who to Apelles lent their faces
To make up madam Helen's graces.
To those the gay divided Pim
Came elegantly smart and trim :
When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,
Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring
To show her saving ate the paring ;
And Bet, to show her gen'rous mind,
Cut, and then threw away the rind ;
While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
Like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
This done, young Pimlico replied,
' Sally I now declare my bride :
With Nan I can't my welfare put,
For she has prov'd a dirty slut :
And Betsy, who has par'd the rind,
Would give my fortune to the wind.
Sally the happy medium chose,
And I with Sally will repose ;
She's prudent, cleanly ; and the man
Who fixes on a nuptial plan
Can never err, if he will choose
A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose.'

Captain Thompson.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED STATE.

THE lady thus address'd her spouse—
' What a mere dungeon is this house !
By no means large enough ; and was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet.

Those hangings with their worn-out graces,
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antique scene,
They overwhelm me with the spleen.
Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
Makes answer quite beside the mark :
'No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,
Engag'd myself to be at home,
And shall expect him at the door,
Precisely when the clock strikes four.'

'You are so deaf,' the lady cried,
And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside—
'You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
What shall I do to make you hear ?

'Dismiss poor Harry ! he replies ;
'Some people are more nice than wise,
For one slight trespass all this stir ?
What if he did ride whip and spur,
'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horse
Will never look one hair the worse.'

'Well, I protest 'tis past all bearing—'
'Child ! I am rather hard of hearing—'
'Yes, truly—one must scream and bawl :
I tell you, you can't hear at all !'
Then with a voice exceeding low,
'No matter if you hear or no.'

Alas ! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd,
To gratify a fretful passion,
On ev'ry trivial provocation ?
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear ;

And something, ev'ry day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
But if infirmities, that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemish or a sense impair'd,
Are crimes so little to be spar'd,
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state;
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention ;
But lives, when that exterior grace
Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.
Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,
Shows love to be a mere profession ;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

Cowper.

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

Would you that Delville I describe ?
Believe me, sir, I will not jibe ;
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small ?

You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very centre.

A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she take her flight :
Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety ;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows, and doors, and rooms, and stairs,
And hills, and dales, and woods, and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields ;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping :
A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.

Though small's the farm, yet there's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse ;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Calydonian boar ;
For, if it's enter'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.

A little riv'let seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leek ;
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill :
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in ;
And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a tailor's chalk.
Thus I compare what space is in it ;
A snail creeps round it in a minute.

One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees :
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows ;
In vain then you expect its bloom !
It cannot blow, from want of room.

In short, in all your boasted seat,
'There's nothing but yourself that's *great*.

Swift.



A TRUE AND FAITHFUL INVENTORY OF THE GOODS
BELONGING TO DR. SWIFT, VICAR OF LARACOR,
UPON LENDING HIS HOUSE TO THE BISHOP OF
MEATH TILL HIS PALACE WAS REBUILT.

AN oaken broken elbow-chair ;
A caudle-cup without an ear ;
A batter'd shatter'd ash bedstead ;
A box of deal, without a lid ;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint ;
A back-sword poker, without point ;
A pot that's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound ;
An iron lock, without a key ;
A wig, with hanging quite grown gray ;
A curtain, worn to half a stripe ;
A pair of bellows, without pipe ;
A dish, which might good meat afford once :
An Ovid, and an old Concordance ;
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal and one for water ;
There likewise is a copper skillet
Which runs as fast out as you fill it ;

A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all :
And thus his household goods you have all,
These to your lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend :
They'll serve your lordship for a shift ;
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift? *Swift.*

DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BEDCHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay ;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black cham-
paign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane ;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug ;
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay ;
The sanded floor, that grits beneath the tread ;
The humid wall, with paltry pictures spread ;
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew ;
The seasons fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave prince William show'd his lamp-black
face ;
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire ;
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-
board ;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day !
Goldsmith.

ADDRESS TO HIS ELBOW-CHAIR, NEW CLOTHED.

My dear companion, and my faithful friend!
If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend ;
If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
Danc'd into form and built the Thebian wall,
Why should'st not thou attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise ?
True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau ;
But what are trappings and external show ?
To real worth alone I make my court ;
Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.
Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay,
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey ;
The safe retreat of every lurking mouse ;
Derided, shunn'd ; the lumber of my house.
Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before !
Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my sires of yore !
'Tis thus capricious fortune wheels us round ;
Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.
Yet grateful then, my constancy I prov'd ;
I knew thy worth ; my friends in rags I lov'd :
I lov'd thee more ; nor, like a courtier, spurn'd
My benefactor when the tide was turn'd.
With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess,
That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.
Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd,
And every wayward appetite obey'd :
But sage experience taught me how to prize
Myself, and how this world : she bade me rise
To nobler flights, regardless of a race
Of factious emmets ; pointed where to place
My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.

Here on thy yielding down I sit secure,
And, patiently, what Heav'n has sent endure ;
From all the futile cares of business free,
Not fond of life, but yet content to be :
Here mark the fleeting hours, regret the past,
And seriously prepare to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies,
And all the malice of the storm defies ;
With ease of body bless'd, and peace of mind,
Pities the restless crew he left behind ;
Whilst in his cell he meditates alone
On his great voyage to the world unknown.

Somerville.

THE PHAETON, AND THE ONE-HORSE CHAIR.

AT Blagrove's*, once upon a time,
There stood a Phaeton sublime :
Unsullied by the dusty road
Its wheels with recent crimson glow'd ;
Its sides display'd a dazzling hue,
Its harness tight, its lining new :
No scheme-enamour'd youth, I ween,
Survey'd the gaily-deck'd machine,
But fondly long'd to seize the reins,
And whirl o'er Campsfield's† tempting plains.
Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
A One-Horse Chair had took its stand :
When thus our vehicle begun
To sneer the luckless Chaise and One,—

* Blagrove, well known at Oxford for letting out carriages.

† In the road to Blenheim.

‘ How could my master place me here
Within thy vulgar atmosphere ?
From classic ground pray shift thy station,
Thou scorn of Oxford education !—
Your homely make, believe me, man,
Is quite upon the gothic plan ;
And you, and all your clumsy kind,
For lowest purposes design’d :
Fit only, with a one-ey’d mare,
To drag, for benefit of air,
The country parson’s pregnant wife,
Thou friend of dull domestic life !
Or, with his maid and aunt, to school
To carry Dicky on a stool :
Or, haply, to some christening gay ;
A brace of godmothers convey.—
Or, when bless’d Saturday prepares
For London tradesmen rest from cares,
’Tis thine to make them happy one day,
Companion of their genial Sunday !
’Tis thine, o’er turnpikes newly made,
When timely show’rs the dust have laid,
To bear some alderman serene
To fragrant Hampstead’s silvan scene.
Nor higher scarce thy merit rises
Among the polish’d sons of Isis.
Hir’d for a solitary crown,
Canst thou to schemes invite the gown ?
Go, tempt some prig, pretending taste,
With hat new cock’d, and newly lac’d,
O’er mutton-chops, and scanty wine,
At humble Dorchester to dine !
Meantime remember, lifeless drone !
I carry bucks and bloods alone.

And oh ! whene'er the weather's friendly,
What inn at Abingdon or Henley,
But still my vast importance feels,
And gladly greets my entering wheels !
And think, obedient to the throng,
How yon gay street we smoke along :
While all with envious wonder view
The corner turn'd so quick and true.

To check an upstart's empty pride,
Thus sage the One-Horse Chair replied :
' Pray, when the consequence is weigh'd,
What's all your spirit and parade ?
From mirth to grief with sad transitions,
To broken bones and impositions !
Or if no bones are broke, what's worse,
Your schemes make work for Glass and Nourse*.—
On us pray spare your keen reproaches,
From One-Horse Chairs men rise to Coaches ;
If calm Discretion's steadfast hand
With cautious skill the reins command,
From me fair Health's fresh fountain springs,
O'er me soft Snugness spreads her wings :
And Innocence reflects her ray
To gild my calm sequester'd way :
E'en kings might quit their state to share
Contentment and a One-Horse Chair.—
What though, o'er yonder echoing street
Your rapid wheels resound so sweet ;
Shall Isis' sons thus vainly prize
A rattle of a larger size ?

Blaggrave, who, during the dispute,
Stood in a corner, snug and mute,

* Surgeons in Oxford.

Surpris'd, no doubt, in lofty verse
To hear his Carriages converse,
With solemn face, o'er Oxford ale,
To me disclos'd this wond'rous tale :
I straight despatch'd it to the Muse,
Who brush'd it up for Jackson's news,
And, what has oft been penn'd in prose,
Added this moral at the close :

' Things may be useful, though obscure ;
The pace that's slow is often sure :
When empty pageantries we prize,
We raise but dust to blind our eyes.
The Golden Mean can best bestow
Safety for unsubstantial show.'

T. Warton.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred, in Anna's reign,
And thus in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor :
' Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
And this my eldest son of nine ;
My wife's ambition and my own
Was that this child should wear a gown :
I'll warrant that his good behaviour
Will justify your future favour ;
And, for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son's a very forward youth ;
Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.

If you'd examine—and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him ;
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one ;
Your vote and interest, sir !—'Tis done.

Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed :
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college-rules are heavy chains :
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns ;
And now, intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last :
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot :
' These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings :
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dulness of a college.
Debarr'd the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss—a loving wife !
O ! what's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head !
Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners ! farewell all !
To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of Dean, Vice Præs.—of Bursar too ;
Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
Come, tythes, and house, and fruitful fields !'
Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patron's vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and, by stealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health ;

At length, and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear !
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
'What a convenient house ! how neat !
For fuel here's sufficient wood :
Pray God the cellars may be good !
The garden—that must be new plann'd—
Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand ?
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flowery shrub of thousand dies :—
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay :
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, ere long, of golden gleam
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream :
This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
We'll alter to a modern privy :
Up yon green slope of hazel's trim,
An avenue so cool and dim
Shall to an harbour, at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor lov'd devotion—
But of a garden had no notion.'

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the 'Squire ;
Not over weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse :
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve and make birch wine.

Thus fix'd, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his churchwardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;
With tythes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflow'rs, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkeys:
Builds in his copse a favourite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.—

But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress'd;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.
'Why did I sell my college life,'
He cries, 'for benefice and wife?'
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure!
When calm around the common room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected:

And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious Founder !
When impositions were supplied
To light my pipe—or soothe my pride—
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly-longing wife to please ;
My thoughts no christ'ning dinners cross'd,
No children cried for butter'd toast ;
And every night I went to bed,
Without a modus in my head !

Oh ! trifling head, and fickle heart !
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art ;
A dupe to follies yet untried,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd !
Each prize possesss'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases. *T. Warton.*

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN ;

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FURTHER THAN HE INTENDED,
AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
' Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

‘To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

‘My sister, and my sister’s child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we.’

He soon replied, ‘ I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

‘ I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.’

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, ‘ That’s well said ;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish’d with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.’

John Gilpin kiss’d his loving wife ;
O’erjoy’d was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow’d
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors of the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

For saddletree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
'The wine is left behind !'

'Good lack !' quoth he—'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise.'

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul !) i
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, ' Fair and softly,' John, he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might,

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all ;
And ev'ry soul cried out, 'Well done !'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around,
'He carries weight ! he rides a race !'
'Tis for a thousand pound !'

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like into a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

' Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house'—
They all at once did cry ;
' The dinner waits, and we are tir'd :'
Said Gilpin—' So am I !'

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there ;
For why his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, 'at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

What news? what news? your tidings tell ;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke !
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

'I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find,
 His friend in merry pin,
 Return'd him not a single word,
 But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
 A wig that flow'd behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
 That show'd his ready wit,
 ' My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

' But let me scrape the dirt away,
 That hangs upon your face :
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case.'

Said John, ' it is my wedding-day,
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware.'

So turning to his horse, he said,
 ' I am in haste to dine ;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine.'

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast !
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For, while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why ?—they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
' This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry :—

' Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he ;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

Cowper.

THE YEARLY DISTRESS ; OR, TITHING TIME AT
STOCK, IN ESSEX.

Verses addressed to a country clergyman complaining of
the disagreeableness of the day annually appointed for
receiving the dues at the parsonage.

COME, ponder well, for 'tis no jest,
To laugh it would be wrong,
The troubles of a worthy priest,
The burden of my song.

This priest he merry is and blithe
Three quarters of a year,
But oh ! it cuts him like a scythe,
When tithing time draws near.

He then is full of fright and fears,
As one at point to die,
And long before the day appears
He heaves up many a sigh.

For then the farmers come jog, jog,
Along the miry road,
Each heart as heavy as a log,
To make their payments good.

In sooth, the sorrow of such days
Is not to be express'd,
When he that takes and he that pays
Are both alike distress'd.

Now all unwelcome at his gates
The clumsy swains alight,
With rueful faces and bald pates—
He trembles at the sight.

And well he may, for well he knows
Each bumpkin of the clan,
Instead of paying what he owes,
Will cheat him if he can.

So in they come—each makes his leg,
And flings his head before,
And looks as if he came to beg,
And not to quit a score.

‘ And how does miss and madam do,
The little boy and all ?’
‘ All tight and well. And how do you,
Good Mr. What-d’ye-call ?’

The dinner comes, and down they sit ;
Were e’er such hungry folk ?
There’s little talking, and no wit ;
It is no time to joke.

One wipes his nose upon his sleeve,
One spits upon the floor,
Yet, not to give offence or grieve,
Holds up the cloth before.

The punch goes round, and they are dull
And lumpish still as ever ;
Like barrels with their bellies full,
They only weigh the heavier.

At length the busy time begins.
‘ Come, neighbours, we must wag—’
The money chinks, down drop their chins,
Each lugging out his bag.

One talks of mildew and of frost,
And one of storms of hail,
And one of pigs, that he has lost
By maggots at the tail.

Quoth one, ‘ A rarer man than you
In pulpit none shall hear :
But yet, methinks, to tell you true,
You sell it plaguy dear.’

O why are farmers made so coarse,
Or clergy made so fine ?
A kick, that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine.

Then let the boobies stay at home ;
'Twould cost him, I dare say,
Less trouble taking twice the sum,
Without the clowns that pay.

Couper.

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE, NOT TO BE
FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of
learning ;

While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

' In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear, [find,
And your lordship,' he said, ' will undoubtedly
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.'

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—

' Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle,

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

‘ Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
 (’Tis a case that has happen’d, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
 Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles
 then ?

‘ On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
 With a reasoning, the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.’

Then shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how)
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes :
But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally
 wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
 By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut !
 Cowper.

THE OYSTER.

Two comrades, as grave authors say,
 (But in what chapter, page, or line,
 Ye critics, if ye please define),
Had found an oyster in their way.

Contest and foul debate arose :
 Both view’d at once with greedy eyes,
 Both challeng’d the delicious prize,
And high words soon improv’d to blows.

Actions on actions hence succeed,
Each hero's obstinately stout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and counsel fee'd.

The parson of the place, good man !
Whose kind and charitable heart
In human ills still bore a part,
Thrice shook his head, and thus began :

' Neighbours and friends, refer to me
This doughty matter in dispute,
I'll soon decide th' important suit,
And finish all without a fee.'

' Give me the oyster then—'tis well,—
He opens it, and at one sup
Gulps the contested trifle up,
And smiling, gives to each a shell.

' Henceforth let foolish discord cease,
Your oyster's good as e'er was eat ;
I thank you for my dainty treat ;
God bless you both, and live in peace.'

Moral.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
From this learn common sense ;
Nor thrust your neighbours into jails
For ev'ry slight offence.

Banish those vermin of debate
That on your substance feed ;
The knaves who now are serv'd in plate
Would starve, if fools agreed. *Somerville.*

THE MILK-MAID.

WHOE'ER for pleasure plans a scheme,
Will find it vanish like a dream,
Affording nothing sound or real,
Where happiness is all ideal ;
In grief, in joy, or either state,
Fancy will always antedate,
And when the thoughts on evil pore,
Anticipation makes it more.
Thus while the mind the *future* sees,
It cancels all its *present* ease.

Is pleasure's scheme the point in view ;
How eagerly we all pursue !

Well—Tuesday is th' appointed day ;
How slowly wears the time away !
How dull the interval between,
How darken'd o'er with clouds of spleen,
Did not the mind unlock her treasure,
And fancy feed on promis'd pleasure.

Delia surveys, with curious eyes,
The clouds collected in the skies ;
Wishes no storm may rend the air,
And Tuesday may be dry and fair ;
And I look round, my boys, and pray,
That Tuesday may be holiday.
Things duly settled—what remains ?
Lo ! Tuesday comes—alas ! it rains ;
And all our visionary schemes
Have died away, like golden dreams.

Once on a time, a rustic dame,
(No matter for the lady's name)

Wrapp'd up in deep imagination,
Indulg'd her pleasing contemplation;
While on a bench she took her seat,
And plac'd the milk-pail at her feet,
Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence,
The profits which arose from thence;
While fond ideas fill'd her brain,
Of layings up, and *monstrous* gain,
Till every penny which she told,
Creative fancy turn'd to gold;
And reasoning thus from computation,
She spoke aloud her meditation.

' Please Heav'n but to preserve my health,
No doubt I shall have store of wealth;
It must of consequence ensue
I shall have store of lovers too.
Oh! how I'll break their stubborn hearts,
With all the pride of female arts.
What suitors then will kneel before me!
Lords, earls, and viscounts shall adore me.
When in my gilded coach I ride,
My lady at his *lordship's* side,
How will I laugh at all I meet
Clatt'ring in pattens down the street!
And Lobbin then I'll mind no more,
Howe'er I lov'd him heretofore;
Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
I will not hear the simple youth,
But rise indignant from my seat,
And spurn the lubber from my feet.'

Action, alas! the speaker's grace,
Ne'er came in more improper place,
For in the tossing forth her shoe,
What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew!

While down at once, with hideous fall,
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.

Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
To bring the gay materials home ;
Imagination forms the dream,
And accident destroys the scheme.

Lloyd.

THE POND.

ONCE, on a time, a certain man was found,
That had a pond of water in his ground :
A fine large pond of water fresh and clear,
Enough to serve his turn, for many a year.
Yet so it was—a strange, unhappy dread
Of wanting water seiz'd the fellow's head :
When he was dry, he was afraid to drink
Too much at once, for fear his pond should sink.
Perpetually tormented with this thought,
He never ventur'd on a hearty draught ;
Still dry, still fearing to exhaust his store,
When half refresh'd, he frugally gave o'er ;
Reviving of himself reviv'd his fright,
' Better,' quoth he, ' to be half chok'd than quite.'

Upon his pond continually intent,
In cares and pains his anxious life he spent ;
Consuming all his time, and strength away,
To make the pond rise higher ev'ry day :
He work'd and slav'd, and—oh ! how slow it fills !
Pour'd in by pail-fulls, and took out—by gills.

In a wet season—he would skip about,
Placing his buckets under ev'ry spout ;
From falling show'rs collecting fresh supply,
And grudging ev'ry cloud—that passed by ;

Cursing the dryness of the times, each hour,
Although it rain'd as fast as it could pour.
Then he would wade through ev'ry dirty spot,
Where any little moisture could be got ;
And when he had done draining of a bog,
Still kept himself as dirty as a hog : [mean ?
And cry'd, whene'er folks blam'd him, ' What d'ye
It costs—a world of water, to be clean !'

If some poor neighbour crav'd to slake his thirst,
' What!—rob my pond ! I'll see the rogue hang'd
first :

A burning shame, these vermin of the poor
Should creep unpunish'd thus about my door !
As if I had not frogs, and toads enoo,
That suck my pond, whatever I can do.

The Sun still found him, as he rose or set,
Always in quest of matters—that were wet :
Betimes he rose to sweep the morning dew,
And rested late to catch the ev'ning too.
With soughs and troughs, he labour'd to enrich
The rising pond, from ev'ry neighb'ring ditch ;
With soughs, and troughs, and pipes, and cuts, and
sluices,

From growing plants he drain'd the very juices ;
Made ev'ry stick of wood upon the hedges,
Of good behaviour to deposit pledges ;
By some conveyance, or another, still
Devis'd recruits from each declining hill :
He left, in short, for this beloved plunder,
No stone unturn'd—that could have water under.

Sometimes—when forc'd to quit his awkward toil,
And—sore against his will—to rest awhile ;
Then straight he took his book, and down he sat
'To calculate th' expenses he was at ;

How much he suffer'd, at a mod'rate guess,
From all those ways by which the pond grew less ;
For as to those by which it still grew bigger,
For them he reckon'd—not a single figure :
He knew a wise old saying, which maintain'd,
' That 'twas bad luck to count what one had
gain'd.'

' First, for myself—my daily charges here
Cost a prodigious quantity a year :
Although, thank Heaven, I never boil my meat,
Nor am I such a sinner as to sweat :
But things are come to such a pass indeed,
We spend ten times the water that we need :
People are grown with washing, cleansing, rinsing,
So finical and nice, past all convincing ;
So many proud, fantastic modes, in short,
Are introduc'd, that my poor pond pays for't.

' Not but I could be well enough content
With what, upon my own account, is spent ;
But those large articles, from whence I reap
No kind of profit, strike me on a heap :
What a vast deal, each moment, at a sup,
This ever-thirsty earth itself drinks up !
Such holes ! and gaps ! alas ! my pond provides,
Scarce for its own unconscionable sides :
Nay, how can one imagine it should thrive,
So many creatures as it keeps alive !
That creep from ev'ry nook and corner, marry !
Filching as much as ever they can carry :
Then, all the birds that fly along the air
Light at my pond, and come in for a share :
Item, at ev'ry puff of wind that blows,
Away at once—the surface of it goes :

The rest, in exhalations to the sun—
One month's fair weather—and I am undone !'

This life he led for many a year together :
Grew old, and gray, in watching of his weather ;
Meagre as Death itself, till this same Death
Stopp'd, as the saying is, his vital breath ;
For as th' old fool was carrying to his field
A heavier burden than he well could wield,
He miss'd his footing, or some how he fuml'd
In tumbling of it in,—but in he tumbled :
Mighty desirous to get out again,
He scream'd, and scrambl'd, but 'twas all in vain :
The place was grown so very deep and wide,
Nor bottom of it could he feel, nor side,
And so—i'th' middle of his pond—he dy'd. }

What think ye now from this imperfect sketch,
My friends, of such a miserable wretch ?—
' Why, 'tis a wretch, we think, of your own making ;
No fool can be suppos'd in such a taking :
Your own warm fancy'—Nay, but warm or cool,
The world abounds with many such a fool :
The choicest ills, the greatest torments, sure,
Are those, which numbers *labour* to endure—
' What ! for a pond !'—Why, call it an *estate* :
You change the name, but realize the fate.

Byrom.

THE NIMMERS.

Two foot companions once in deep discourse,
' Tom,' says the one—' let's go and steal a horse.'
' Steal !' says the other, in a huge surprise,
' He that says I'm a thief—I say he lies.'

‘ Well, well,’ replies his friend,—‘ no such affront,
I did but ask ye—if you won’t—you won’t.’
So they jogg’d on—till, in another strain,
The querist mov’d to honest Tom again,
‘ Suppose,’ says he,—‘ for supposition sake—
’Tis but a supposition that I make,—
Suppose—that we should *filch* a horse, I say ?’
‘ Filch ! filch !’ quoth Tom,—demurring by the way ;
‘ That’s not so bad as downright theft—I own—
But—yet—methinks—’twere better let alone :
It soundeth something pitiful and low ;
Shall we go *filch* a horse, you say—why, no—
I’ll filch no filching ;—and I’ll tell no lie :
Honesty’s the best policy—say I.’

Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb,
His comrade paus’d—at last, says he,—‘ Come,
come ;

Thou art an *honest* fellow—I agree—
Honest and poor ;—alas ! that shou’d not be :
And dry into the bargain—and no drink !
Shall we go *nim* a horse, Tom,—what dost think ?’

How clear things are when liquor’s in the case !
Tom answers quick, with casuistic grace,
‘ Nim ? yes, yes, yes, let’s nim with all my heart,
I see no harm in nimming, for my part ;
Hard is the case, now I look sharp into’t,
That honesty should trudge i’t’h’ dirt a foot ;
So many empty horses round about,
That honesty should wear its bottoms out ;
Besides—shall honesty be chok’d with thirst ?
Were it my lord mayor’s horse—I’d nim it first.
And—by-the-by—my lad—no scrubby tit—
There is the best that ever wore a bit,

Not far from hence'—'I take ye,' quoth his friend,
'Is not yon stable, Tom, our journey's end?'

Good wits will jump—both meant the very steed;
The top o'th' country, both for shape and speed:
So to't they went—and, with an halter round
His feather'd neck, they nimm'd him off the ground.

And now, good people, we should next relate
Of these adventurers the luckless fate:
Poor Tom!—but here the sequel is to seek,
Not being yet translated from the Greek:
Some say, that Tom would *honestly* have peach'd,
But by his blabbing friend was over-reach'd;
Others insist upon't that both the elves
Were, in like manner, halter-nimm'd themselves.

It matters not—the moral is the thing,
For which our purpose, neighbours, was to sing.
If it should hit some few amongst the throng,
Let 'em not lay the fault upon the song,
Fair warning all: he that has got a cap,
Now put it on—or else beware a rap:
'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet,
Has a long reach with it—videlicet,
'Twixt right and wrong, how many gentle trimmers
Will neither steal, nor filch, but will be plaguy
nimmers. *Byrom.*

A COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence;
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard,—
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose :
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid ;
And proudly to himself in whispers said,
' This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

' No matter, if the fellow be a knave :
Provided that the razors *shave*,
It certainly will be a monstrous prize.'
So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze ;
'Twas a vile razor ! then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—' Ah ! ' Hodge sigh'd,
' I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse.'

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and
swore ; [wry faces,
Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff :
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.
Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.
' Razors !—a damn'd confounded dog !—
Not fit to scrape a hog !'

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun—
‘ Perhaps, Master Razor Rogue, to you ’tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives :
You rascal ! for an hour I have been grubbing,
Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing ,
With razors just like oyster knives.
Sirrah ! I tell you you’re a knave,
To cry up razors that can’t *shave*.’

‘ Friend,’ quoth the razor-man, ‘ I’m not a knave :
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul I never thought
That they would *shave*.’

Not think they’d shave !’ quoth Hodge, with
wond’ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ; [cries :
‘ What were they made for, then, you dog ?’ he
‘ Made !’ quoth the fellow with a smile—‘ to *sell*.’
Wolcott.

THE TRUMPETER. AN OLD ENGLISH TALE.

It was in the days of a gay British king,
(In the old-fashion’d custom of merry-making)
The palace of Woodstock with revels did ring,
While they sang and carous’d one and all :
For the monarch a plentiful treasury had,
And his courtiers were pleas’d, and no visage was
sad,
And the knavish and foolish with drinking were
mad,
While they sat in the banqueting- hall.

Some talk'd of their valour, and some of their race,
 And vaunted, till vaunting was black in the face ;
 Some bragg'd for a title, and some for a place,
 And, like braggarts, they bragg'd one and all !
 Some spoke of their scars in the holy crusade,
 Some boasted the banner of Fame they display'd,
 And some sang their loves in the soft serenade,
 As they sat in the banqueting-hall.

And here sat a baron, and there sat a knight,
 And here stood a page in his habit all bright,
 And here a young soldier in armour bedight,
 With a friar carous'd, one and all.
 Some play'd on the dulcimer, some on the lute,
 And some, who had nothing to talk of, were mute,
 Till the morning, awakened, put on her gray suit—
 And the lark hover'd over the hall.

It was in a vast gothic hall that they sate,
 And the tables were cover'd with rich gilded plate,
 And the king and his minions were toping in state,
 Till their noddles turn'd round, one and all :—
 And the Sun through the tall painted windows 'gan
 peep,
 And the vassals were sleeping, or longing to sleep,
 Though the courtiers, still waking, their revels did
 keep,
 While the minstrels play'd sweet, in the hall.

And, now in their cups, the bold topers began
 To call for more wine, from the cellaryeoman,
 And, while each one replenish'd his goblet or can,
 The monarch thus spake to them all :

‘It is fit that the nobles do just what they please,
That the great live in idleness, riot, and ease,
And that those should be favour’d who mark my
decrees,
And should feast in the banqueting-hall.

‘It is fit,’ said the monarch, ‘that riches should
claim
A passport to freedom, to honour, and fame,—
That the poor should be humble, obedient, and
tame,
And, in silence, submit—one and all.
That the wise and the holy should toil for the great,
That the vassals should tend at the tables of state,
That the pilgrim should—pray for our souls at the
gate,
While we feast in our banqueting-hall.

‘That the low-lineag’d carles should be scantily
fed— [their bread ;
That their drink should be small, and still smaller
That their wives and their daughters to ruin be led,
And submit to our will, one and all !
It is fit, that whoever I choose to defend—
Shall be courted, and feasted, and lov’d as a friend,
While before them the good and enlighten’d shall
bend,
While they sit in the banqueting-hall.’

Now the topers grew bold, and each talk’d of his
right,
One would be a baron, another a knight ;
And another, (because at the tournament fight
He had vanquish’d his foes, one and all)

Demanded a track of rich lands ; and rich fare ;
And of stout serving vassals a plentiful share ;
With a lasting exemption from penance and pray'r,
And a throne in the banqueting-hall.

But one, who had neither been valiant nor wise,
With a tone of importance, thus vauntingly cries,
' My liege he knows how a good subject to prize—

And I therefore demand—before all—

I this castle possess : and the right to maintain
Five hundred stout bowmen to follow my train,
And as many strong vassals to guard my domain,
As the lord of the banqueting-hall !

' I have fought with all nations, and bled in the field,
See my lance is unshiver'd, though batter'd my
shield,

I have combated legions, yet never would yield,
And the enemy fled—one and all !

I have rescu'd a thousand fair donnas, in Spain,
I have left in gay France ev'ry bosom in pain,
I have conquer'd the Russian, the Prussian, the
Dane,

And will reign in the banqueting-hall !

The monarch now rose, with majestical look,
And his sword from the scabbard of jewels he took,
And the castle with laughter and ribaldry shook,
While the braggart accosted thus he :

' I will give thee a place that will suit thy demand,
What to thee is more fitting than vassals or land—
I will give thee,—what justice and valour com-
mand,

For a trumpeter bold—thou shalt be !

Now the revellers rose, and began to complain—
While they menac'd with gestures, and frown'd
with disdain,
And declar'd, that the nobles were fitter to reign
Than a prince so unruly as he. so,]
But the monarch cried, sternly, they taunted him
'From this moment the counsel of fools I forego—
And on wisdom and virtue will honours bestow,
For such only are welcome to me !'

So saying, he quitted the banqueting-hall,
And leaving his courtiers and flatterers all—
Straightway for his confessor loudly 'gan call,
'O ! father ! now listen !' said he :
'I have feasted the fool, I have pamper'd the knave,
I have scoff'd at the wise, and neglected the brave—
And here, holy man, absolution I crave—
For a penitent now I will be.'

From that moment the monarch grew sober and
good,
(And nestled with birds of a different brood)
For he found that the pathway which wisdom pur-
su'd,

Was pleasant, safe, quiet, and even !
That by temperance, virtue, and liberal deeds,
By nursing the flow'rets, and crushing the weeds,
The loftiest traveller always succeeds—

For his journey will lead him to Heav'n.

Mrs. Robinson.

OLD BARNARD. A MONKISH TALE.

OLD Barnard was still a lusty hind,
Though his age was full fourscore ;
And he us'd to go
Through hail and snow,
To a neighb'ring town, ..
With his old coat brown,
To beg at his grandson's door

Old Barnard briskly jogg'd along,
When the hail and snow did fall ;
And, whatever the day,
He was always gay,
Did the broad Sun glow,
Or the keen wind blow,
While he begg'd in his grandson's hall.

His grandson was a 'squire, and he
Had houses, and lands, and gold ;
And a coach beside,
And horses to ride,
And a downy bed
To repose his head,
And he felt not the winter's cold.

Old Barnard had neither house nor lands,
Nor gold to buy warm array ;
Nor a coach to carry
His old bones weary,
Nor beds of feather
In freezing weather,
To sleep the long nights away.

But Barnard a quiet conscience had,
No guile did his bosom know ;
 And when ev'ning clos'd,
 His old bones repos'd,
 Though the wintry blast
 O'er his hovel past,
And he slept, while the winds did blow !

But his grandson, he could never sleep,
Till the Sun began to rise ;
 For a fev'rish pain
 Oppress'd his brain,
 And he fear'd some evil,
 And dream'd of the Devil,
Whenever he clos'd his eyes !

And whenever he feasted the rich and gay,
The Devil still had his joke ;
 For however rare
 The sumptuous fare,
 When the sparkling glass
 Was seen to pass,—
He was fearful the draught would choke !

And whenever, in fine and costly geer,
The 'squire went forth to ride :
 The owl would cry,
 And the raven fly
 Across his road,
 While the sluggish toad
Would crawl by his palfry's side.

And he could not command the sunny day,
For the rain would wet him through ;

And the wind would blow
Where his nag did go,
And the thunder roar,
And the torrents pour,
And he felt the chill evening dew.

And the cramp would wring his youthful bones,
And would make him groan aloud ;
And the doctor's art
Could not cure the heart,
While the conscience still
Was o'ercharg'd with ill ;
And he dream'd of the pick-axe and shroud.

And why could old Barnard sweetly sleep,
Since so poor and so old was he ?

Because he could say
At the close of day,
' I have done no wrong
To the weak or strong,
And so, Heaven look kind on me !'

One night, the grandson hied him forth,
To a monk, that liv'd hard by ;

' O! father! said he,
' I am come to thee,
For I'm sick of sin,
And would fain begin
To repent me, before I die !'

' I must pray for your soul ;' the monk replied,
' But will see you to-morrow, ere noon :'
Then the monk flew straight
To old Barnard's gate,

And he bade him haste
O'er the dewy waste,
By the light of the waning Moon.
In the monkish cell did old Barnard wait,
And his grandson went thither soon ;
In a habit of gray,
Ere the dawn of day,
With a cowl and cross,
On the sill of moss,
He knelt by the light of the Moon.
' O ! shrive me, father !' the grandson cried,
' For the Devil is waiting for me !
I have robb'd the poor,
I have shut my door,
And kept out the good
When they wanted food,—
And I come for my pardon to thee.'
' Get home, young sinner,' old Barnard said,
' And your grandsire quickly see ;
Give him half your store,
For he's old, and poor,
And avert each evil,
And cheat the Devil,—
By making him *rich as thee.*'
The 'squire obey'd ; and old Barnard now
Is rescu'd from every evil :
For he fears no wrong,
From the weak or strong,
And the 'squire can snore,
When the loud winds roar,
For he dreams no more of the Devil.
Mrs. Robinson.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Call'd in the neighbourhood, Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely, from the fattest side,
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,

'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
 The good old couple were amaz'd,
 And often on each other gaz'd ;
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,
 And just began to cry, ' What ar't !'
 Then softly turn'd aside, to view,
 Whether the lights were burning blue.
 The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
 Told them their calling and their errand :
 ' Good folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but saints,' the hermits said :
 ' No hurt shall come to you or yours :
 But for that pack of churlish boors,
 Not fit to live on Christian ground,
 They and their houses shall be drown'd ;
 While you shall see your cottage rise,
 And grow a church before your eyes.'

They scarce had spoke, when, fair and soft,
 The roof began to mount aloft ;
 Aloft arose ev'ry beam and rafter ;
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
 Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
 And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
 But with the upside down, to show
 Its inclination for below :
 In vain ; for a superior force,
 Applied at bottom, stops its course :
 Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
 'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
 Lost by disuse the art to roast,

A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels ;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower,
The fier, though't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't ;
But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side :
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone ;
But up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd ;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cookmaid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Malt,
Fair Rosamond, and Robinhood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter :
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews ;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style ;
Then said, ' My house is grown so fine,
Methinks, I still would call it mine.
I'm old, and fain would live at ease ;
Make me the parson, if you please.'

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels :
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve ;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue ;
But, being old, continu'd just
As threadbare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues :
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news ;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text,
At christ'nings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart ;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last ;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for ' right divine ;'

Found his head fill'd with many a system:
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinner's edg'd with colberteen ;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
' Plain Goody,' would no longer down,
'Twas ' Madam,' in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim ;
And she admir'd as much as him.

Thus happy in their change of life,
Were sev'ral years this man and wife :
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amid their talk,
To the churchyard to take a walk ;
When Baucis hastily cried out,
' My dear, I see your forehead sprout !'—
' Sprout !' quoth the man ; ' what's this you tell us ?'
I hope you don't believe me jealous !
But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot ;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.'
Description would but tire my muse,
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers he the trees has seen ;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight ;

On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the parish there ;
Points out the place of either yew ;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew :
'Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down ;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scubbed, died atop, was stunted ;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

Swift.

AN UNANSWERABLE APOLOGY FOR THE RICH.

' ALL-bounteous Heaven,' Castalio cries,
With bended knees, and lifted eyes,
' When shall I have the power to bless,
And raise up merit in distress ?'
How do our hearts deceive us here !
He gets ten thousand pounds a year.
With this the pious youth is able
To build, and plant, and keep a table.
But then, the poor he must not treat ;
Who asks the wretch, that wants to eat ?
Alas ! to ease their woes he wishes,
But cannot live without ten dishes.
Though six would serve as well, 'tis true ;
But, one must live as others do.
He now feels wants, unknown before,
Wants still increasing with his store.
The good Castalio must provide
Brocade, and jewels, for his bride ;
Her toilet shines with plate emboss'd,
What sums her lace and linen cost !

The clothes, that must his person grace,
Shine with embroidery and lace.

The costly pride of Persian looms,
And Guido's paintings, grace his rooms:

His wealth Castalio will not waste,
But must have every thing in taste.

He's an economist confess'd,
But what he buys must be the best.

For common use, a set of plate ;
Old china, when he dines in state.

A coach and six, to take the air,
Besides a chariot, and chair.

All those important calls supplied,
Calls of necessity, not pride,

His income's regularly spent ;
He scarcely saves to pay his rent.

No man alive would do more good,
Or give more freely, if he could.

He grieves, whene'er the wretched sue,
But what can poor Castalio do ?

Would Heaven but send ten thousand more,
He'd give—just as he did before. *Mary Barber.*

THE OLD GENTRY.

THAT all from Adam first began,

None but ungodly Whiston doubts ;

And that his son and his son's son,

Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Each, when his rustic pains began,

To merit pleaded equal right ;

'Twas only who left off at noon,

Or who went on to work till night.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection ;
By nature we are Adam's sons,
And sons of Anstis by election.

Kingsale ! eight hundred years have roll'd,
Since thy forefathers held a plough ;
When this in story shall be told,
Add, that my kindred do so now.

The man who by his labour gets
His bread in independent state,
Who never begs and seldom eats,
Himself can fix or change his fate.

Prior.

JACK AND JOAN, AN EPITAPH.

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run ;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd, and ate, good folks ; what then ?
Why, then they walk'd and ate again.
They soundly slept the night away ;
They did just nothing all the day :
And having buried children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
Nor sister either had, nor brother ;
They seem'd just tallied for each other.

Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree ;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded ;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footmen did ;
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid ;
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong ; their wine was port ;
Their meal was large ; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt ;
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe :
No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor ;
That might decrease their present store :
Nor barn nor house did they repair ;
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded ;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accompts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.

When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid :
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married :
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
They would not learn, nor could advise :
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were :
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried ;
And so they liv'd, and so they died. *Prior.*

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found,
Least willing still to quit the ground ;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection, to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room :
And looking grave, 'You must,' says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'

‘ With you, and quit my Susan’s side !
With you !’ the hapless husband cried :
‘ Young as I am ! ’tis monst’rous hard !
Besides, in truth, I’m not prepar’d :
My thoughts on other matters go,
This is my wedding-night, you know.’

What more he urg’d I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger ;

So Death the poor delinquent spar’d,
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
‘ Neighbour,’ he said, ‘ farewell : no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour ;
And further to avoid all blame

Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you’re summon’d to the grave :
Willing for once I’ll quit my prey,

And grant a kind reprieve ;
In hopes you’ll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
Well pleas’d the world will leave.’

To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv’d, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursu’d his course,
And smok’d his pipe, and strok’d his horse,
The willing muse shall tell :

He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near ;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace ;
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he took,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
' So soon return'd !' old Dobson cries.

' So soon, d'ye call it !' Death replies :

' Surely, my friend, you're but in jest,

Since I was here before,

'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,

And you are now fourscore.'

' So much the worse,' the clown rejoin'd ;

' To spare the aged would be kind :

Besides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,

Which I have look'd for nights and mornings :

But for that loss of time and ease,

I can recover damages.'

' I know,' cries Death, ' that at the best

I seldom am a welcome guest ;

But don't be captious, friend, at least ;

I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable ;
Your years have run to a great length,
I wish you joy though of your strength.'

' Hold,' says the farmer, ' not so fast,
I have been lame these four years past.'

' And no great wonder,' Death replies,
' However, you still keep your eyes ;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.'

' Perhaps,' says Dobson, ' so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight.'

' This is a shocking story, faith,
Yet there's some comfort still,' says Death ;
' Each strives your sadness to amuse ;
I warrant you hear all the news.'

' There's none,' cries he, ' and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear.'

' Nay then,' the spectre stern rejoind,

' These are unjustifiable yearnings ;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,

You've had your three sufficient warnings.

So come along, no more we'll part :'

He said, and touch'd him with his dart ;

And now old Dobson turning pale,

Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

Mrs. Thrale.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR THE USURER,
WHO DIED THE 6th OF JULY, 1720.

KNOW all men by these presents, Death the tamer,
By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar :

Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
 Redeem him from his prison under ground.
 His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
 Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
 Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
 His faithful steward's in the shades below.
 He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak,
 He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk ;
 And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
 He might be thought an object fit for alms.
 So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
 He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

Where'er he went he never saw his betters ;
 Lords, knights, and 'squires, were all his humble
 debtors ;

And under hand and seal the Irish nation
 Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
 In half a minute is not worth a groat.

His coffers from the coffin could not save,
 Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
 A golden monument could not be right,
 Because we wish the earth upon him light.

O London tavern !* thou hast lost a friend,
 Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend :
 He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot ;
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease,
 On him could ever boast a power to seize :
 † But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spite
 Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light ;

* A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.

† These four lines were written by Stella.

And as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath t^o sink the lighter scale.
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he would now be cried down since his change.

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow ;
Alas, the sexton is thy banker now !

A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality.

Swift,

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,
MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind ;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size ;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes,

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more ;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short-all ;
The doctors found, when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day. *Goldsmith.*

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

Houses, churches, mix'd together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather ;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous ;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty ;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts ;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid ;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen ;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions ;

Worth beneath a threadbare cover,
Villany bedaub'd all over ;
Women black, red, fair, and gray ;
Prudes, and such as never pray ;
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not, some that will ;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling,
Many a bargain if you strike it :
This is London ;—how d'y'e like it ?

John Bancks.

THE DROPSICAL MAN.

A JOLLY brave toper, who could not forbear,
Though his life was in danger, old port and stale
beer,
Gave the doctors the hearing—but still would
drink on,
Till the dropsy had swell'd him as big as a ton.
The more he took physic, the worse still he grew,
And tapping was now the last thing he could do.
Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down,
He began to consider—so sent for his son.
'Tom, see by what courses I've shorten'd my life,
I'm leaving the world ere I am forty and five ;
More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours,
This manor, this house, and estate will be yours :
My early excesses may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's
youth.'
Says Tom, who's a lad of a generous spirit,
And not like young rakes who're in haste to inherit,

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST : OR, THE TANKARD.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk in humble plight ;
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night :

Along whose inner bottom, sketch'd
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby's angel-face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup ;
But Joan was not like John ;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair,
But she ne'er chang'd a jot ;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd ;
And where the angel stood so plain,
He got a *devil* portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd ;
And ever as she seiz'd her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.

John star'd, with wonder petrified,
His hair stood on his pate ;
And ' Why dost guzzle now,' he cried,
' At this enormous rate ?'

‘Oh! John,’ she said, ‘am I to blame?’

I can’t, in conscience, stop:

For sure ’twould be a burning shame

To leave the Devil a drop! *Anonymous.*



POLITENESS; OR, THE CAT O’ NINE TAILS.

ONCE on a time, as I’ve heard say,
(I neither know the year nor day)
The rain distill’d from many a cloud,
The night was dark, the wind was loud:
A country ’squire, without a guide,
Where roads were bad, and heath was wide,
Attended by his servant Jerry,
Was trav’ling tow’rds the town of Bury.
The ’squire had ne’er been bred in courts;
But yet was held, as fame reports,
Though he to wit made no pretence,
A ’squire of more than common sense.
Jerry, who courage could not boast,
Thought every sheep he saw a ghost;
And most devoutly pray’d he might
Escape the terrors of that night.

As they approach’d the common’s side,
A peasant’s cottage they espied;
There riding up, our weary ’squire
Held it most prudent to inquire,
Being nothing less than wet to skin,
Where he might find a wholesome inn.
‘No inns there are,’ replied the clown,
‘’Twixt this and yonder market town,
Seven miles north-west, across the heath;
And wind and rain are in your teeth.

But if so be, sir, you will go
To yon old hall upon the brow ;
You'll find free entertainment there,
Down beds and rare old English fare,
Of beef and mutton, fowl and fish,
As good as any man need wish ;
Warm stabling too, and corn and hay ;
Yet not a penny will you pay :
'Tis true, sir, I have heard it said,
And here he grinn'd and scratch'd his head,
'The gentleman that keeps the house,
Though every freedom he allows,
And o'er night's so woundy civil,
You'd swear he never dream'd of evil,
Orders next morn his servant John,
With cat o' nine tails to lay on,
Full twenty strokes, most duly counted,
On man and master ere they're mounted.'

'With cat o' nine tails ! oh,' cried Jerry,
'That I were safe at Edmund's Bury !'

Our 'squire spurr'd on, as clown directed ;
This offer might not be rejected :
Poor Jerry's prayers could not dissuade.
The 'squire, more curious than affraid,
Arrives, and rings ; the footman runs ;
The master, with his wife and sons,
Descend the hall, and bid him enter ;
Give him dry clothes, and beg he'll venture
To take a glass of Coniac brandy :
And he, who hated words to bandy
In idle complimentary speeches,
'The brandy took, and eke the breeches.

The liquor drank, the garments chang'd,
The family round the fire arrang'd,

The mistress begg'd to know, if he
Chose coffee, chocolate, or tea ?
The 'squire replied, sans hesitation,
Or teasing trite expostulation—
' A dish of coffee and a toast !'
The mistress smil'd : th' enraptur'd host,
Cried, ' Sir, I like your frankness much ;
This house is yours ; pray think it such,
While here you stay ; 'tis my request,
And you shall be a welcome guest !
Sans ceremony I would live,
And what I have I freely give.'

Tea ended ; once again our host
Demanded—' Sir, of boil'd or roast,
Fish, flesh, or fowl, do you prefer
For supper ?'—' Why, indeed, good sir,
Roast duck I love'—' With good green peas ?'
' Yes, dearest madam, if you please.'

' Well said ! now while it's getting ready,
We two, my eldest son, and lady,
Will take a hand at Whist ?'—' Agreed !'
And soon they cut for deal, and lead.

But now to crimp my lengthen'd tale,
Whether the 'squire drank wine or ale,
Or how he slept, or what he said,
Or how much gave to man and maid ;
Or what the while became of Jerry,
'Mong footman blithe, and maidens merry ;
Description here we can't admit,
For brevity's the soul of wit.
Suffice to say, the morn arriv'd,
Jerry, of senses half depriv'd,
Horses from stable saw led out,
'Trembled and skulk'd and peer'd about,

And felt already every thwack
Of cat o' nine tails on his back.
Each word, each action, was a blunder :
But O how great his joy and wonder,
The stirrups held, the horses cross'd,
When forth the hostess and the host,
With smiles, instead of lashes smarting,
Came out to take a cup at parting ;
Bestowing a thousand welcomes on 'em,
Unfeign'd, for all the honours done 'cm !
Of thanks, what language could afford ;
Of cat o' nine tails, not a word !

Mutual civilities repaid,
The 'squire had turn'd his horse's head,
To gallop of ; yet his desire
Grew every moment higher and higher ;
While bidding thus his last adieu,
To ask if what he heard was true :
For not alone the clown had said
The reck'ning must in stripes be paid :
But one o'th' footmen, whom he slyly
O'er night interrogated, drily
Confirm'd th' aforesaid peasant's tale ;
And said his master would not fail,
Next morn, to bid, in furious passion,
Strong John lay twenty times the lash on,
Determin'd, then, to ease his doubt,
E'en though it bred a flogging bout ;
(Of that, howe'er, to be sincere,
He was not very much in fear :)
Once more he turn'd his horse's head,
And to his host thus smiling, said—
' Last night a peasant told me, here,
As I have found, was noble cheer ;

But added, ere this morn I went,
You'd drub me to my heart's content ;
Yet this you have not put in act ;
Is it a fiction, or a fact,
After the kindness you've express'd,
You take your leave thus of each guest ?
And how, if still a rule you've kept it,
Have I deserv'd to be excepted ?

‘ Sir,’ answer’d he, ‘ ’tis very true ;
No stranger e’er went hence, but you,
Who bore not, on his well-carv’d bark,
Of cat o’ nine tails many a mark.
None yet deserv’d, or I’m mistaken,
That I should pity, and spare their bacon :
A set of tiresome, troublesome knaves ;
Of bowing, fawning, lying slaves !
If a man ask’d what they prefer,
“ Oh, I love any thing, good sir !”
Would you choose coffee, sir, or tea ?
“ Dear ma’am, it’s all the same to me !”
For beef or mutton give your voice :
“ Upon my honour, I’ve no choice !”
There’s Cheshire, sir, and Gloster cheese ;
Which shall I send you ? “ Which you please.”
Curse on their cringing complaisance !
I’ve tutor’d some of them to dance
Such steps as they ne’er learn’d in France,
But you, good sir, or I misdeem,
Deserve an honest man’s esteem.
Your frankness, sir, I call polite ;
I never spent a happier night ;
And whensoever this road you come,
I hope you’ll make my house your home :

Nay, more ; I likewise hope, henceforth
To rank a man of so much worth
Among my friends.'—Sir,' said the 'squire,
' 'Tis what I ardently desire :
Not twenty miles from hence my house,
At which your sons, yourself, and spouse,
Shall find such hospitality,
As kindly here you've shown to me.'

The bargain struck, the 'squire and Jerry,
Again proceed for town of Bury.

And now the reader may, with ease,
Extract this moral if he please :
Politeness cannot e'er become
Impertinent and troublesome :
His breeding good he soonest proves,
Who soonest tells you what he loves ;
And who in rapid eloquence
Their wordy compliments dispense,
Have more civility than sense. *Anonymous.*

THE BRAMELE.

WHILE wits through fiction's regions ramble,—
While bards for fame or profit scramble :—
White Pegasus can trot, or amble ;
Come, what may come,—I'll sing the bramble.
' How now !'—methinks I hear you say :—
' Why ? what is rhyme run mad to-day ?'
—No, sirs, mine's but a sudden gambol ;
My Muse hung hamper'd in a bramble.
But soft ! no more of this wild stuff !
Once for a frolic is enough ;—
So help us, Rhyme, at future need,
As we in soberer style proceed.

All subjects of nice disquisition,
Admit two modes of definition ;
For every thing two sides has got,—
What is it ?—and what is it not ?

Both methods, for exactness' sake,
We with our bramble mean to take :
And by your leave, will first discuss
Its negative good parts,—as thus.—

A bramble will not, like a rose,
To prick your fingers, tempt your nose,
Whene'er it wounds, the fault's your own,
Let that, and that let's you, alone.

You shut your myrtles for a time up ;
Your jasmine wants a wall to climb up ;
But bramble, in its humbler station,
Nor weather heeds, nor situation ;
No season is too wet, or dry for't,
No ditch too low, no hedge too high for't.

Some praise, and with reason too,
The honeysuckle's scent and hue ;
But sudden storms, or sure decay,
Sweep, with its bloom, its charms away ;
The sturdy bramble's coarser flower
Maintains its post, come blast, come shower ;
And when time crops it, time subdues
No charms ;—for it has none to lose.

Spite of your skill, and care and cost,
Your nobler shrubs are often lost ;
For brambles, where they once get footing,
From age to age continue shooting ;

Ask no attention, nor forecasting ;
Not ever-green ; but ever-lasting.

Some shrubs intestine hatred cherish,
And, plac'd too near each other, perish ;
Bramble indulges no such whim ;
All neighbours are alike to him ;
No stump so scrubby but he'll grace it ;
No crab so sour but he'll embrace it.

Such, and so various negative merits,
The bramble from its birth inherits :
Take we its positive virtues next !
For so at first we split our text.

The more resentment tugs and kicks,
The closer still the bramble sticks ;
Yet gently handled, quits its hold ;
Like heroes of true British mould :
Nothing so touchy, when they're teased,—
No touchiness so soon appeased.

Full in your view, and next your hand,
The bramble's homely berries stand :
Eat as you list,—none calls you glutton ;
Forbear, it matters not a button.
And is not, pray, this very quality
The essence of true hospitality ?
When frank simplicity and sense
Make no parade, take no offence ;
Such as it is, set forth their best,
And let the welcome—add the rest.

The bramble's shoot, though fortune lay
Point-blank obstructions in its way,

For no obstructions will give out ;
Climbs up, creeps under, winds about ;
Like valour, that can suffer, die,
Do any thing,—but yield, or fly.
While brambles hints like these can start,
Am I to blame to take their part ?
No, let who will affect to scorn 'em,
My Muse shall glory to adorn 'em ;
For as rhyme did, in my preamble,
So reason now cries, ' Bravo ! bramble !'

Bishop.

IN PRAISE OF THE HORN-BOOK. WRITTEN
UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

HAIL, ancient book ! most venerable code !
Learning's first cradle and its last abode !
The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see,
By lazy plagiaries are stolen from thee ;
Yet future times to thy sufficient store
Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.
Thee will I sing in comely wainscot bound,
And golden verge enclosing thee around,
The faithful horn before, from age to age
Preserving thy invaluable page ;
Behind, thy patron saint in armour shines,
With sword and lance to guard thy sacred lines ;
Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
Transfix'd ; his blood thy scarlet cover dies ;
Th' instructive handle's at the bottom fix'd,
Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.
Or if to gingerbread thou shalt descend,
And liquorish learning to thy babes extend :

Or sugar'd plane, o'erspread with beaten gold,
Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold,
Thou still shalt be my song.—Apollo's choir
I scorn t' invoke ; Cadmus! my verse inspire :
'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought
Of all the learning which has since been taught,
Soon made complete! for mortals ne'er shall know
More than contain'd of old the Christ-cross row ;
What masters dictate or what doctors preach,
Wise matrons hence e'en to our children teach.
But as the name of every plant and flow'r
(So common that each peasant knows its pow'r)
Physicians in mysterious cant express
T' amuse the patient, and enhance their fees,
So from the letters of our native tongue
Put in Greek scrawls, a mystery too is sprung ;
Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
And artful men strike out a gainful trade ;
Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
And heedless youth catch at the shining bait :
The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
And Taus and Deltas* make their mothers stare ;
'Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
And what's uncommon never costs too dear ;
Yet in all tongues the Horn-book is the same,
'Taught by the Grecian master or the English dame.

But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,
In which thou dost all other books excel ?
No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil,
Nor crooked dogs-ears thy smooth corners spoil ;
In idle pages no errata stand
To tell the blunders of the printer's hand ;

* The Greek letters T, Δ.

No fulsome dedication here is writ,
Nor flattering verse to praise the author's wit ;
The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
Nor various readings to confound the text ;
All parties in thy literal sense agree,
Thou perfect centre of concordancy !
Search we the records of an ancient date,
Or read what modern histories relate,
They all proclaim what wonders have been done
By the plain letters taken as they run :
* ' Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,
And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul ;
His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,
And frequent deaths of worthy men ensued ;
In vain were all the weaker methods tried,
None could suffice to stem the furious tide ;
Thy sacred line he did but once repeat,
And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat.†

Thy heavenly notes like angel's music cheer
Departing souls, and sooth the dying ear.
An aged peasant, on his latest bed,
Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read ;
The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this savoury lecture makes.
Great A he gravely read ; th' important sound
The empty walls and hollow roof rebound :
Th' expiring ancient rear'd his drooping head,
And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read.
Great B, the younker bawls ; ' O heavenly breath !
What ghostly comforts in the hour of death !

* The advice given to Augustus by the Stoic philosopher Athenodorus, who desired the emperor neither to say nor to do any thing till he had first said over the alphabet, as the observance of the rule would moderate his passion, and prevent rash words and actions.

What hopes I feel! Great C, pronounc'd the boy :
The grandsire dies with ecstasy of joy.

Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,
Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds :
Of Essex-Hundreds Fame gives this report,
But Fame, I ween, says many things in sport :
Scarce lives the man to whom thou'rt quite un-
known,

Though few th' extent of thy vast empire own.
Whatever wonders magic spells can do,
On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below ;
What words, profound and dark, wise Mah'met
spoke

When his old cow an angel's figure took :
What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew, }
Or Horace sung, fierce monsters to subdue, }
O mighty Book ! are all contain'd in you :

All human arts and every science meet
Within the limits of thy single sheet :
From thy vast root all Learning's branches grow,
And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.
And lo ! while thus thy wonders I indite,
Inspir'd I feel the power of which I write ;
The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
Less frequent now and less severe the fits ;
Loose grow the chains which bound my useless feet,
Stiffness and pain from every joint retreat,
Surprising strength comes every moment on ;
I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.
Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,
And at thy handle* hang my crutches up.

Tickell.

* Votiva Tabula. HOR.

THE BOOK-WORM.

(FROM THE LATIN OF BEZA.)

COME hither, boy ! we'll hunt to-day
The Book-Worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As Fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors' lives ;
Through all the fields of wit he flies ;
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time ;
Or down the vale of fancy go,
To tear some modern wretch below :
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his teeth a passage eat :
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give ?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live !
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate brute ! whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse.

Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)

His roses nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage.
By thee my Ovid wounded lies ;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies :
Thyrabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love, in Biddy Floyd ;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here.
Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain ;
Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come, bind the victim—, there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.
The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libations yet to make)
A health to poets ! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise ;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound ;

The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
This hydra stretch'd beneath my hand !
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year :
Ye gods ! what sonnets on a wench ?
What lean translations out of French ?
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S——prints, before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh, had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or Tate, thy pert and humble lays !
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your work till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the Nine)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin
I hang the scales that brac'd it in :
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down :—

' This trophy from the Python won,
This robe, in which the deed was done,
These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
Here ignorance and hunger found
Large realms of wit to ravage round ;
Here ignorance and hunger fell,
Two foes in one, I sent to hell.
Ye poets who my labours see,
Come share the triumph all with me !

Ye critics ! born to vex the Muse,
Go mourn the grand ally you lose.'

Parnell.

ON AN INKGLASS ALMOST DRIED IN THE SUN.

TO APOLLO.

PATRON of all those luckless brains,
That, to the wrong side leaning,
Indite much metre with much pains,
And little or no meaning.

Ah why, since oceans, rivers, streams,
That water all the nations,
Pay tribute to thy glorious beams,
In constant exhalations ;

Why, stooping from the noon of day,
Too covetous of drink,
Apollo, hast thou stol'n away
A poet's drop of ink ?

Upborne into the viewless air
It floats a vapour now,
Impell'd through regions dense and rare,
By all the winds that blow.

Ordain'd perhaps ere summer flies,
Combin'd with millions more,
To form an Iris in the skies,
Though black and foul before.

Illustrious drop ! and happy then
Beyond the happiest lot,
Of all that ever pass'd my pen,
So soon to be forgot !

Phœbus, if such be thy design,
 To place it in thy bow,
 Give wit, that what is left may shine
 With equal grace below.

Cowper.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my lord, for your ven'son, for finer or
 fatter
 Ne'er rang'd in a forest, or smok'd on a platter;
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
 The white was so white, and the red wasso ruddy;
 Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce
 help regretting
 To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
 I had thoughts, in my chamber, to place it in view,
 To be shown to my friend as a piece of virtù:
 As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
 But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
 But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pro-
 nounce,
 This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce;
 Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
 But, my lord, it's no bounce; I protest, in my
 turn,
 It's a truth, and your lordship may ask Mr. Burne.*

* Lord Clare's nephew.

To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch ;
So I cut it and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose ;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's :
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and
the when.

There's Coley, and Williams, and Howard, and
Hiff—

I think they love ven'son—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets, that seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat ;
Such dainties to them, it would look like a flirt,
Like sending 'em ruffles, when wanting a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend (as he call'd himself) en-
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he, [ter'd ;
Who smil'd as he gaz'd at the ven'son and me.

'What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting ?'

'Why whose should it be, sir ?' cried I with a
flounce ;

'I get these things often'— but that was a bounce :

'Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the
nation,

Are pleas'd to be kind— but I hate ostentation.'

'If that be the case then,' cried he very gay,

'I'm glad I have taken this house in my way,

To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;

No words—I insist on't—precisely at three :

We'll have Johnson, and Burke ; all the wits will
be there ;

My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner !

We wanted this ven'son to make out a dinner.

I'll take no denial : it shall, and it must,

And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

Here, porter—this ven'son with me to Mile-End ;

No words, my dear Goldsmith—my friend—my
dear friend !'

Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And ' nobody with me at sea but myself ;' [hasty,
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good ven'son pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we were all to
dine,

(A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
dumb [come ;

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not

' And I knew it,' he cried, ' both eternally fail,

The one at the House, and the other with Thrale.

But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,

With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.

The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,

Who dabble and write in the papers like you ;

The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge ;

Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.'

While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen ;
At the sides there was spinnage and pudding
made hot ;

In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian ;
So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round :
But what vex'd me most, was that d——'d Scottish
rogue, [brogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his
And, ' Madam,' quoth he, ' may this bit be my
poison

If a prettier dinner I ever set eyes on ;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curs'd
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.'
' The tripe,' quoth the Jew, ' if the truth I may
speak,

I could eat of this tripe seven days in a week :
I like these here dinners, so pretty and small ; [all.'
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at
' O—ho !' quoth my friend, ' he'll come on in a
trice,

He's keeping a corner for something's that's nice :

There's a pasty.'—' A pasty !' repeated the Jew ;

' I don't care if I keep a corner for't too.'

' What the de'il, mon, a pasty !' re-echo'd the Scot ;

' Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for thot.'

' We'll all keep a corner,' the lady cried out ;

' We'll all keep a corner,' was echoed about.

While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid ;

Our dean* shall be ven'son, just fresh from the
 plains,
 Our Burket† shall be tongue, with the garnish of
 brains,
 Our Will‡ shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
 And Dick§ with his pepper shall heighten the
 savour, [obtain,
 Our Cumberland's|| sweet-bread its place shall
 And Douglas** is pudding, substantial and plain:
 Our Garrick's†† a salad; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am
 That Ridge‡‡ is anchovy, and Reynolds§§ is lamb;
 That Hickey's||| a capon, and by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table;
 Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

* Dr. Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

† Edmund Burke, esq.

‡ Mr. William Burke, late secretary to general Conway.

§ Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

|| Richard Cumberland, esq.

** Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor, and bishop of Salisbury.

†† David Garrick, esq.

‡‡ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

§§ Sir Joshua Reynolds.

||| An eminent attorney.

Here lies the good dean, re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
mirth :

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks I could not find them out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
such,

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat [vote ;

To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining ;

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;
For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along, [in't ;
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;
Would you ask for his merits ? alas ! he had none ;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
his own. [at ;

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh
Alas ! that such frolic should now be so quiet !

What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim !
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb !
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball !
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all !
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick, [Nick ;
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine :
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud ;
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
 Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking di-
 vines,
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant
 reclines :

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;

But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture ;
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style ;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garriek, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man :
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine ;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day :
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came :
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and
you gave ! [rais'd,

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-
prais'd !

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies :
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatt'ers, go where he will :
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant
creature,

And slander itself must allow him good-nature ;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?

I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser :

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?

His very worst foe can't accuse him of that :

Perhaps he confided in men as they go,

And so was too foolishly honest ? Ah no !

Then what was his failing ? come, tell it, and burn
ye,—

He was, could he help it ! a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind ;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;

Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of
hearing :
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregions,
and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.
Goldsmith.

END OF VOL. V.

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